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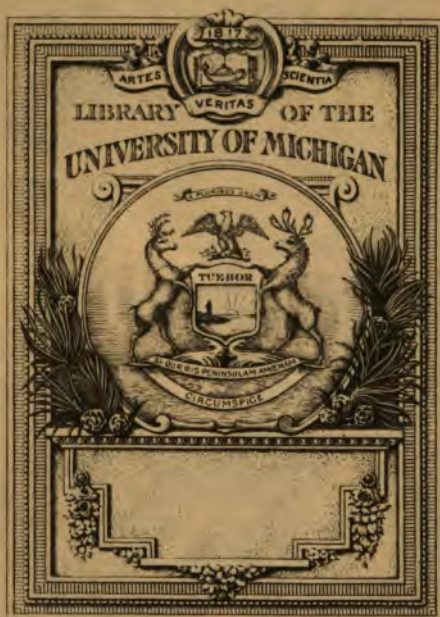
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THE  
*Reveries of Solitude:*  
CONSISTING OF  
ESSAYS IN PROSE,  
*A new Translation of the MUSCIPULA,*  
AND  
ORIGINAL PIECES IN VERSE.

---

BY THE  
EDITOR OF COLUMELLA, EUGENIUS, &c.

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BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL,  
FOR  
G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW,  
LONDON. M DCC XCH.

*L'homme qui vive dans la Solitude,  
(Pensant plus et agissant moins)  
Eprove a certain age, " le besoin  
D'ecrire."\_\_\_\_\_*

*ST. FLOUR, par M. DE F—.*



Sir  
T. Eden  
6-18-43  
SIR,  
DEDICATION.

---

TO

MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR WILLIAM MEDOWS,

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

---

SIR,

THOUGH an unauthorized address of this kind, especially when prefixed to so trifling a work, may have rather an impertinent than a respectful appearance; yet I reflect with so much pleasure on the many instances of friendship and civility from you and Lady Medows, during your residence for some years in our neighbourhood, that I cannot resist the inclination which I feel to make this public acknowledgement of my private obligations.

b

I am

I am no stranger, Sir, to the delicacy of your feelings; and am convinced, that you would rather face an enemy than a fulsome panegyrist. I will not therefore say in your absence, what I should not dare to say if you were present; nor enlarge either on your respectable publick character, or your many amiable private virtues; and only add my cordial wishes for your safe return to your native country and your numerous friends; amongst whom, though ambitious of that distinction, I dare hardly presume to claim a place. I will beg leave, however, to subscribe myself, with sincere regard,

Your obliged

and obedient

humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Nov. 5th, 1792.

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**PART I.**



**MORAL ESSAYS, &c.**









## INTRODUCTION.

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**A**S curiosity seems to be the predominant passion with the generality of readers, in this age; and as many people peruse a *new* book with as much satisfaction as a *good* book; mere *novelty* of dress may perhaps induce readers of that description to peruse the following *Reveries*; which, if they do not afford them much instruction, may at least amuse them, as they have done the writer, in *deafness* and *solitude*.

As many people likewise will read a *short essay*, who would be dismayed at the sight of a long dissertation or a political pamphlet; these *Reveries* have also *brevity* to recommend them. And though the subjects have been treated by infinitely better hands, yet there are readers, who will comprehend a remark set in a familiar light, who would be puzzled by a more abstruse, though perhaps a more just train of reasoning.

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The author wishes indeed to have these essays considered in a moral, or in a mere *literary*, rather than in a *political* light. And if he has ventured too boldly (in the two *first* of them) to utter his opinion on what he reads in his "weekly Chronicle," he certainly will not enter into a controversy with any man living. He professes himself *contented* indeed with the present imperfect state of human affairs; but wishes well to those who, from *disinterested*, patriotic motives, are willing to improve them.

However, though he flatters himself that he is possessed of as much candour and philanthropy as most men, and would no more quarrel with any one for thinking differently from him in religion or politics, than he would for his preferring white wine to red; yet, as a good citizen, he cannot but condemn those turbulent spirits who, without any regard to the peace of the community or the *present* prosperous state of the kingdom, so industriously disseminate their Utopian systems of government, and endeavour to make their countrymen dissatisfied with

with a constitution, which, if it does not rise up to their standard of *perfection*, has confessedly been long the envy and admiration, not only of France itself, but of every nation in Europe.\*

If any one could produce a plan of government, to which five hundred different persons would not make five hundred objections, I would vote for having it substituted in the place of our own. But who can listen with patience to complaints of tyranny and despotism, in this country, where no Aristocrate, nor the King himself, can take a duck or a goose from the meanest subject; or commit him to the round-house, but in conformity to the laws of the land? Or who does not sicken at this eternal cant about "civil and religious liberty," in an age when, with unparalleled indecency and outrage, people abuse, with impunity, the legislative and executive powers, King, Lords and Commons? And where, not only religious sects of every

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kind,

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\* See De Lolme (a citizen of Geneva) his "Constitution of England."

kind, but the professed *enemies* of *all* religion, publish unmolested the most virulent invectives against the religion of their country?

Yet one would imagine, from some outcries of persecution, that a second Duke of Alva was coming with his cut-throats, to establish the inquisition; or that the Sicilian Vespers, or the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, were going to be repeated in old England; where, however, “every man sits under his own vine and his own fig-tree,” or rather under the sign of “the bunch of grapes,” or “the barley-mow;” and securely smokes his pipe and talks treason; and having harangued, till he is tired, on liberty and the “*Rights of Man*,” goes home, and acts the tyrant in his family; perhaps without any regard to the “*Rights of Women*,” or to the *duties* of an husband, of a father, or of a master; to his wife, his children, or his domesticks.

25th March, 1792.

THE



THE REVERIES  
OF  
SOLITUDE.

---

ON HEREDITARY TITLES.

*Εγκώμιον Νεοτίτικον.*

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THE natural equality of mankind, whether real or imaginary, and the great inequality of their condition in society, has been the subject of complaint and of surprise, to superficial observers, in all ages of the world. That one man should abound in wealth, and riot at ease in all the luxuries of life, whilst others, with equal merit perhaps, are doomed to earn a scanty subsistence by constant labour, has been thought to impeach the goodness, and even the justice of Providence.

In like manner, the unequal ranks, and especially the *hereditary honours*, which have subsisted in most civilized nations, have been deemed liable to the same objections. That a set of men, by the merit of their ancestors, should be distinguished by pompous *titles* and peculiar *privileges*, and claim the homage of those who are their superiors perhaps in virtue, sense, or learning, has appeared equally unjust and absurd.

A little reflection, however, will soon clear up these difficulties; and shew the necessity in the one instance, and, *I trust*, the expediency at least in the other, that it should be so. Not to mention, in the former case, the various talents and capacities with which men are born; the industry, sobriety and frugality of some men compared with the idleness, intemperance, and extravagance of others, sufficiently account for the affluence of the former, and for the unavoidable indigence of the latter. And what a man acquires by his labour, or saves by his œconomy, (and perhaps by denying himself many enjoyments to which he was entitled) he has certainly a right to *bequeath* to his descendants.

For a similar reason, if a man, by his extraordinary exertions, by his courage or his wise conduct, and perhaps by sacrificing his *health*, his *ease*, and the *common* enjoyments of life, has eminently served his country,

try, and, as a reward for such transcendent merit, has been honoured with an illustrious title; it would certainly be the highest injustice, as well as a discouragement to the like exertions in others, to deprive his *family* of those honours, for *whose* sake alone perhaps he accepted of so unsubstantial a recompence.\*

In the case of an hereditary fortune, indeed, we too often see the heir squander away, in vice and extravagance, the fruits of his father's industry and frugality: and if he prefers a life of poverty and shame to one of credit and affluence: it is his own affair; he is his own master; and who has a right to controul him?

The same is applicable, it should seem, to hereditary titles. If the descendant, by his worthless conduct, is determined to disgrace his noble ancestors, he renders himself doubly wicked and contemptible; both by swerving from such bright examples, and by his profligacy exhibiting so shameful a contrast to the patriotic

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\* The ingenious Mrs. Woolstonecroft [*Rights of Women, passim*] is equally an enemy to *hereditary wealth* and hereditary titles: but if a man by his honest industry acquires a fortune, to whom is he to leave it;—to his own children, or to some family who by idleness or extravagance are reduced to poverty? When she ascribes the corrupt state of society to the *unequal ranks* into which it is distinguished, she mistakes the cause for the effect—as the vices of some and the virtues of others will always produce that inequality.

tick virtues. Yet there does not seem to exist any power competent, in an *equitable view*, to deprive *another generation* of those honours of which they may be more worthy, and even be excited, by their very titles, to act nobly and retrieve the credit of their family.

“Yes: the National Assembly, in a neighbouring country, has not only done thus, but has abolished all distinctions of this kind for ever.” Nay, to secure their *liberty*, so little regard has been shewn to *property* of any kind, that they have deprived the very provinces of the names which they have so long enjoyed; and instead of Dauphiny or Languedoc, which convey to the imagination of a foreigner the romantick ideas of vine-clad hills and beautiful forests, we hear of nothing but arithmetical divisions, districts, sections, and municipalities, which convey no idea at all.\*

Every Englishman must rejoice, that twenty millions of his fellow-creatures are emancipated from a system of despotism, which was become absolutely intolerable; and must honour that Assembly which abolished lettres de

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\* As for titles of respect, they seem to have adopted the ludicrous part of quakerism, without their piety or virtue. Mr. President must laugh at being called *Citizen President*; as my man John would, if I should say, *Citizen John*, bring me a glass of wine!



de cachet, established juries, and the like: and, if they are sincere in their pacifick professions, "of no longer making war for conquest," and as a proof of it would demolish their fortifications at Cherburgh, as they have done the Bastile, all Europe would have reason to rejoice in their revolution. For every one must applaud the enraged multitude for laying open the dungeons of the Bastile, even by violence, though it was accidentally attended with murder and bloodshed. Thus far surely every one must approve of the French Revolution.

But "there are two ways of repairing a house, (as my man Patrick observes) one is, to pull it down." As "the welfare of the people is the supreme law,"\* they had a right perhaps, in this case, to redress their own grievances: and as the revenues of the Clergy were become enormous, they may be justified perhaps in appropriating part of those revenues to the exigences of the state; though they might, it should seem, have made a distinction between the secular and the regular ecclesiasticks. For though the monastick orders had a tendency to promote idleness rather than devotion, the parish-priests were surely a useful and respectable order of men. And, as *some* religion has been deemed by the wisest legislators as essential to the good of society,

I do

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\* Salus populi est suprema lex.

I do not think these philosophers can substitute a better in the place of the Christian religion. Besides, as the property of *peaceable* individuals, in all commotions, ought in *policy* to be held sacred, it would certainly have been better to have imposed a temporary tax, to any amount, than to have made such a body of men hostile to so good a cause.

But the uniting the nobility and the clergy in the same interest, by depriving the noblesse of their titles as they had done the clergy of their estates, appears to me an unaccountable measure, equally impolitical and unjust; alienating the nobility also from the cause of liberty, without the least apparent benefit to the publick. And never was Shakspeare's remark more applicable; than to such an act of injustice:

"Who steals my purse—steals trash—

"'Twas mine; 'tis his; and has been slave to thousands;

\* "But he who filches from me '*my good name*,'

"Robs me of that, which '*naught enriches him*,'

"And makes *me* poor indeed."——OTHELLO, act 3d.

If the present noblesse made a bad use of their privileges, or if titles were prostituted by *sale* to the wealthy, to exempt them from their proportion of taxes; such a shameful traffick, among many other abuses, might have been reformed: but why should the order be abolished? Even

Even the venerable towers of the Bastile, though the ingenious Dr. Aikin thinks the demolishing them “was a proper sacrifice to recovered freedom;”\* yet after the power of the crown was so far diminished, they surely might have remained, as a noble specimen of ancient magnificence, and an harmless ornament to the city; and even as a terror to future monarchs, and a *memorial* that the *strongest fortrefs* cannot resist the force of an injured and enraged people.†

I am aware of the ridicule to which I may expose myself on this subject, in so enlightened an age, and that such remarks must be treated with the utmost contempt by the present prevailing faction; who, with truly Gothick rage, seem determined to destroy every monument of their ancient grandeur and of the fine arts: but I am one of the multitude;‡ and have a superstitious veneration for all other remains of antiquity—as well as for antient titles.

Without considering our nobility, in a political light, as forming a necessary part in the scale of subordination; or in their legislative capacity, as a barrier against  
royal

\* Life of Howard.

† The people, however, are now the tyrants; and the well-meaning King feels the horrors of the *Bastile* for wishing to partake of the *liberty* which his subjects enjoy.

‡ Unus multorum. HOR.

royal influence and popular incroachments;† I look upon our nobility as a sort of historical ornaments (like columns or triumphal arches) in the annals of our country. Without regard to party, every Englishman must recollect with pride those periods of their history, when a Burleigh or a Clarendon, a Marlborough or an Ormond, a Hawke, a Howe, or a Rodney, presided in their councils, or commanded their fleets and armies; as every Frenchman, notwithstanding the present rage for levelling all distinctions, must (one would imagine) hear with pleasure of their Condés and Montmorencys; their Sullys, Vendomes, and other great names, which illuminate their annals.

An assemblage of huts and thatched cottages, such as Cæsar represents the towns of our British ancestors, might serve the purpose of sheltering them from the inclemencies of the weather: but who would prefer such mean accommodations to the present metropolis, adorned with temples, cupolas, palaces, squares, and exchanges, and other emblems of wealth and prosperity?

This may be thought somewhat declamatory, but it is consonant to my feelings; and appears to me to be a natural sentiment. I have an old oak, which casts rather an unfriendly and even noxious shade over my  
kitchen

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† See Blackstone's Comment. b. i. p. 157.

Kitchen garden; yet I cannot be prevailed on to cut down so venerable an *ornament* to my old mansion, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the advocates for the modern taste, 'who would reduce every thing to a wild, uninteresting *level*.

But, that I may not be thought too blindly attached to the Aristocracy, I must observe, that when a man of rank is weak enough to consider *birth* as *every*-thing and virtue as *nothing*; and, instead of politeness and condescension, treats with unnecessary haughtiness and insolence, a man of sense and liberal education; much more when he takes advantage of his privilege to oppress or defraud his inferiors; though even in that case, a virtuous and prudent man perhaps would only smile at such folly\* with silent disdain; yet one of less scrupulous principles would probably return that most intolerable of all injuries—contempt, with rudeness at least, if not with some more signal mark of resentment  
and

\* A friend has supplied me with the following *jeu d'esprit*; which, though founded on a pun, has some truth in it:

" When *arms* to the peerage were granted by kings,  
 " *Supporters* were deem'd indispensable things:  
 " To enable their lordships to walk upright and steady;  
 " For a coronet's apt to make the head giddy,  
 " A *weak* head, I mean; for it can't be denied  
 " That *folly* alone is the *parent* of *pride*."

and revenge. The folly of individuals, however, in any rank of life, ought not to reflect on the whole body.

But our present race of nobles and even our pr-n—s (it has been said\*) are a profligate set of *jockies* and gamblers, extravagant and licentious, and, (what would not be expected) *ignorant* and *illiterate*.†

That the age, or rather the nation in general, is extremely dissolute and profuse; and that the wealth, brought into the kingdom by a most extensive commerce, has produced its natural offspring, luxury and every species of vice and extravagance, not only amongst many of our nobility, but amongst all orders and ranks of people, from the prince to the peasant, is greatly to be lamented.‡

But

• History of the Jockey-Club.

† I have not been much conversant with our nobility, yet I know personally some few very young men; who, if they would unite in the cause of virtue and form a club in opposition to the Jockey-Club; and instead of drinking and gambling, would countenance manly conversation and temperate festivity, I should hope, that such characters as this author—in his history; or such fools as Ch. Sm-th has drawn in her novel, if any such now exist, will be deemed absolutely unnatural in the next generation.

‡ Have these rigid reformers themselves entirely escaped the contagion? and are *their* lives perfectly immaculate?

But shall the vices and follies of *comparatively* a few thoughtless individuals, the ebullitions of youth and high spirits, eclipse the lustre of a majority of great and virtuous characters, which constitute that venerable, and, as it has always been esteemed, that most uncorrupt tribunal, the House of Lords? Such as, without regard to party, we may pronounce a Beaufort, a Portland, and a Richmond: a Camden and a Carlisle; a Thurlow, a Grenville, and a Loughborough; and many more, whom for brevity's sake alone I omit. Shall even the private or the publick vices, which party-rage may impute to individuals, I say, justify any author, in representing that assembly as a pandamonium; or be a sufficient plea for the attempts of dissatisfied demagogues, to overturn the constitution?

But "virtue" (it has been truly said, and for these fifteen hundred years repeated) "virtue is the only true nobility,"\* the only distinction which renders one man superior to another—and a title, "a mere nickname," and a coronet, a childish bauble, a ring of gold lined with cat-skin: trifles beneath the attention of a wise man.

True: but the distinctions, or the privileges at least, implied by those baubles, and originally bestowed as the

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\* Nobilitas sola est atq; unica virtus. JUV.

the *rewards* of virtue, have been thought no trifles by men of as much sense as Mr. Paine, and others who have repeated those trite remarks: and have been adopted, in some shape or other, by the wisest nations, as cheap rewards for distinguished merit.

“Gold and silver are the dross or sediment of the earth,” (as the philosophick Antoninus observes\*) but when stamped by authority, they acquire, by the common consent of mankind, a real value; and procure the necessaries and conveniences of life, which none but a cynick or a madman would despise.

To conclude these reflexions. Though I can hardly flatter myself that any person of rank, much less of *princely* rank, will attend to an obscure recluse; yet, as I profess myself an enthusiastick friend to subordination and to established forms, I sincerely hope, that our present young noblemen will reflect, that the dæmon of turbulence and faction is gone forth; and levelling principles are universally disseminated through the world: and it highly concerns them to be careful† of their

\* Meditations, b. ix. §. 36.

† “The toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, that he galls his kibe.”——HAMLET.



their conduct.\* All eyes are fixed upon them, and they are in some measure accountable to the community for the privileges which they enjoy; and, as they are so much elevated above their fellow-citizens in rank, they should outshine them in the splendour of their virtues. They have it in their power, even by their example, to improve the manners of the age, and to make frugality and sobriety fashionable; and, by that means, to render their pre-eminence respectable, and also less painful and invidious than it often is to their inferiors. They should reflect, that, although the Sovereign can entitle them to be *called noble*, Virtue alone can *make* them so. Their titles may procure them a forced respect, but good-nature and condescension alone can make them loved and esteemed.

In short, when those young men can spare a few months from the nocturnal revels of the metropolis, from plundering each other like highwaymen, and with gladiatorial ferocity meditating each other's ruin, in gaming-houses or on the turf; let them, I say, spend some part of their time, and of their *fortune*, at their

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country-

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\* Nothing, I believe, has given greater offence, than the immense sums, said to be squandered away by some young persons of the highest rank; but, by the firmness of the ministry, a more economical plan seems to have been adopted, and the publick will not be further burthened on that account.

country-seats, amongst their tenants and vassals: let them reflect, how small a portion of those sums, which they lavish on unmeaning dissipation, and in “shapeless idleness,” as Shakspeare calls it, would afford them the heartfelt luxury of relieving the necessities of the poor, industrious labourers, in the neighbouring villages:—They would then appear truly and intrinsically noble, and revive that ancient magnificence, and respectable hospitality, (without the intemperance) for which our English nobility have, at different periods of our history, been so eminently distinguished.

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## THE SEQUEL;

OR,

FURTHER REFLECTIONS ON THE  
EQUALIZING SYSTEM.

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**T**HOUGH I acknowledge myself but slightly versed in politicks, yet having alluded to the present fashionable theory of government, I think it necessary to say a few words on that subject.

As

As I have always admired Rousseau's *project*,\* of forming the several states of Europe into one grand confederacy, and securing the peace of each by the guarantee of the whole; so I was much pleased with the simplicity of Mr. P—ne's system, as sketched out in his "Rights of Man;" and if this planet of ours had been peopled with angels, or even with philosophers, who, like his Americans during the war, would have been "governed without any government at all," Mr. P—ne's theory would probably have been as good as any other: but, as he professes to have drawn his "*political principles* entirely from *his own* reflections," I should be inclined to question the utility of a system which had lain hid from the foundation of the world, and had eluded the researches, not only of the Solons, the Numas, and all the sages of antiquity; but even of our Harrington, Sidney, and Locke; and has been reserved as a mystery revealed only to an uneducated English refugee. But the argument from his own experience and observation, during the American war, "how easily men may be governed without any government," is very fallacious; for they were really, a great part of the time, under a *military* government; and considering how firmly they were united, by a sense

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whether

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\* Whether Henry IV. had any such view or not, Rousseau might take the hint from the same project which some statesmen have imputed to him.

whether of real or fancied injuries, and with what *enthusiasm* they were animated in the pursuit of their favourite object of independence; we cannot be surprized that they had no leisure to quarrel among themselves, or to injure each other.

But (though Agrarian laws have always been accounted unjust) yet let us suppose the possessions of the frugal and industrious to be divided amongst the idle and extravagant; as boys, who have eaten their cake first, claim part with those who have been more saving and abstemious; and let us suppose, I say, this equalizing system to be realized in its *utmost extent*; let the patriarchal law of primogeniture be abolished; all distinction of ranks confounded; and, in short, a perfect equality prevail in *all the nations* of the world:—Let us suppose, as a familiar instance, in our own country, a gentleman possessed of an estate of one thousand pounds a year, to have ten children; and, instead of bequeathing the bulk of his estate to the eldest son, charged with a kind of paternal authority to inspect the education of the younger, (on the premature death of the parent) and also with a competent provision to establish them in some useful profession: let us suppose him, I say, to dismember the family estate, and to give to each child his proportion of an hundred pounds a year; what would probably be the consequence? Why; they would cultivate

vate their little farms, you will say; or employ their property in trade, manufactories, or commerce. But whom would they get to plough and sow; reap, or thresh out their corn? For, upon a supposition of *universal* equality, every one would be employed about his own business, and in providing for his own necessities. And in manufactories, who would be master, and who would do the drudgery; sweat at the forge or the anvil; or handle the file and the hammer? \* And in trade, if all were sellers, who would be the buyers or purchase their manufactures? For indeed, as there would be no distinction of rank, all the superfluities and luxuries of life would be given up; so that the elegant, if not the useful mechanick arts must soon be lost, and commerce itself be extinguished.

Besides, if every one were thus upon a level, no government, it should seem, could possibly subsist. For who would obey half a dozen savages, dressed in sheepskins, (for taylor's there would be none) ignorant, and in every respect no better than themselves. In short, if it were *possible* for this universal equality to subsist for any time in all the nations of the world; as every one must then be *entirely occupied* in providing for his mere sub-

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sistence,

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\* That is, upon a supposition that this equality universally prevailed.

sistence, all the arts and sciences would by degrees be lost, and mankind relapse into its primitive ignorance and barbarity. This, however, is the golden age, which an ingenious pupil of Mr. P—ne's so ardently wishes to see; "When there will be no distinctions of rich and poor,—of master and servant; but every man will cheerfully labour to provide for himself the necessaries of life; and, being content with *mere necessities*, will employ his *leisure* hours, (which, however, would probably be but few) in sublime *speculations*, and in the *search* of truth and wisdom."\*

"There will be no such thing as private property;" but "every thing would be the property of him that wanted most," (even suppose it to be a poor distressed highwayman;) of course "there would be a community of wives;" so that he who found himself most in want of a wife, might seize upon the first woman he met; [*"ut in grege taurus."* HOR.]—like the bull in a herd of cows.

As

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\* See Novel of ANNA ST. IVES.—I was a stranger to Mr. Holcroft's person when this was written. He is an ingenious and worthy man; but of a delicate frame, and better calculated for the *search of truth*, than to "labour for the necessities of life;" and is himself a proof, that nature never intended—all men for the same occupation. May Mr. Holcroft long continue to entertain the publick by his admired dramatick works, and leave the mattock and the spade to more athletic constitutions!

As for a due submission to government, Mr. P—ne supposes men would be taught “to despise all external grandeur, and the pageantry of courts; and to pay no regard but to the intrinsic merit of their elected magistrates.”

We are apt to judge of other people’s improvement by our own progress in knowledge; and of their good disposition, by the goodness of our own hearts; as I make no doubt is the case with Mr. Holcroft, and, I would hope, with Mr. P—ne. And because at an advanced age we find ourselves more enlightened, and can despise the vain pomp of the world, we fancy every one we meet does the same. But, alas! the precepts of philosophy cannot always subdue our passions, nor does our practice necessarily correspond with our knowledge. How easily is the multitude misled by interested or wrong-headed demagogues, even contrary to their true interest, and often to their own destruction! The history of popular governments abounds with instances of this kind: and without recurring to the melancholy events of former times, every one may recollect many recent examples in this country, within his own memory; and it is to be feared, what is now going on in a neighbouring kingdom will furnish still more instances, of the unhappy effects of being governed by *ungovernable* mobs and self-appointed associations. The French at least,

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it is to be feared, though sufficiently enlightened to become sensible of their late abject slavery, have not virtue enough to be trusted with their freedom; but, like the Romans, in the time of Marcus Brutus, will want another tyrant, with a strong military force, to keep them in awe:\* as a maniac is safer under a keeper in his dark *cell*, than when let loose to the conduct of his own distorted imagination. But what stronger argument can we have against the happiness of a democratick government, than from Mr. P—ne's favourite republic of Athens? which was perpetually rent by feuds and factions; and where every man that was eminent for his virtues, or distinguished for his zeal in the service of his country, instead of being rewarded with a title, was sure to end his days in banishment or in a prison; as Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, Phocion, and many others really did.† If it be said, that by this jealous vigilance, they secured their *freedom*,—I answer, that

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\* The Romans, after the expulsion of their kings, are often said, to have been a *free* people; but were they a *happy* people? What period of their history can we fix upon (when they were not engaged in foreign wars) that they were free from civil commotions? When their conquests were extended, and their wealth increased, their forums or great squares, and their field of Mars, were fields of blood.

† Aristides was confessedly banished for having distinguished himself amongst his fellow-citizens by his strict regard to *justice*.



that the most despotick monarchy cannot be worse than such a *nominal freedom*, which exposes a man to the caprice of that many-headed monster, a ferocious, tyrannical populace.\*

In short, notwithstanding the late extraordinary discoveries in politicks, I cannot but conclude that some kind of *subordination* is essential to government; and that some little mystery in the administration of it is more conducive to the good of the whole, than that familiar intercourse between the governors and the governed, which this boasted equality holds forth, and where the well-informed and the ignorant have an equal right to give their opinions, and to perplex and impede the operations of government. Mr. Paine's plausible maxim, "That all men are born equal," seems now generally understood and exploded by people of sense. All men are born with an equal *right* to liberty and property; yet none but a madman would say, that they are born with equal capacities and talents fit for places of trust or publick employment. His pernicious doctrines, however, have diffused such a spirit  
of

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\* Since this was sent to the press, the French populace have perpetrated such horrid massacres, under a pretence of securing their liberty, that I hope, we shall hear no more of the mischief ascribed to fanaticism or religious fury.

"*Tantum libertas potuit suadere malorum.* LUCRET.

of disobedience to lawful authority, as is destructive of all government. However, though the people are so industriously taught, not only to “*speakevil* of dignities, but to *laugh* at them,” I would by no means wish to see the *ensigns* of power abolished; nor advise our judges to lay aside their furs or solemn wigs; our nobility their parliamentary robes; or even the clergy their decent habiliments; which, when vested with legal authority, and supported “by inward greatness, unaffected wisdom, and sanctity of manners,” must have a beneficial influence on society, and tend to keep in awe the most profligate offenders.

The Romans, in the purest ages of the republick, had their ensigns of office, their ivory chair, their robe of state, their *fascies*, and the like. And if any buffoon had dared to ridicule even that bundle of faggot-sticks carried before the Consuls, he would probably, in that *free* state, have been severely scourged with the rods, and perhaps have felt the keen edge of the axe, which was bound up in the midst of them.

#### P O S T S C R I P T.

As the present situation of the Royal Family of France engages universal attention, I cannot forbear inserting the following extract from Dr. Adam Smith, on distinction of ranks:

“ That

“ That kings are the servants of the publick (says  
 “ he) is the doctrine of reason and philosophy; but it  
 “ is not the doctrine of nature. - Their conduct must  
 “ have excited the highest degree of fear, hatred, and  
 “ resentment, before the bulk of the people can be  
 “ brought to oppose them, or desire to see them pu-  
 “ nished or deposed: even when they have been brought  
 “ this length, they are apt to relent, and relapse into  
 “ their habitual state of deference to those whom they  
 “ have been accustomed to look upon as their natural  
 “ superiors. Compassion soon takes place of resent-  
 “ ment: they forget all past provocations, and return  
 “ to their old principles of loyalty and submission.  
 “ The death of Charles the first brought about the  
 “ restoration of the Royal Family.”

Moral Sent. vol. I. p. 128.

See also a curious account from Plutarch, of the  
 triumph of Paulus Emilius over the king of Macedon,  
 page 134.



ON

## OFFICIOUS DEMAGOGUES.

TOWARDS the end of last autumn, I spent a month with an old acquaintance in the country: he is the clergyman of a large village, in a sequestered valley, inhabited chiefly by substantial farmers, and the cottagers employed by them in the cultivation of their farms. As I am an early riser, I was highly gratified to observe with what cheerfulness and alacrity they all went out in the morning to their respective employments: the plowman whistling after his team; the woodman with his bill-hook, followed by his faithful cur; the milk-maid singing beneath her cow; and the sober farmer superintending the whole: and on a Sunday attending the publick worship, as their ancestors had done before them; and respectfully bowing to their rector as he passed by them, entirely satisfied with the *plain* doctrine with which he supplied them. And such is the case, I am persuaded, in many of the less-frequented parts of the kingdom, where luxury, and the examples of the wealthy and extravagant, have not yet extended their baneful influence.

Woe

Woe betide those *officious* patriots, then, who, under a pretence of improving the condition of these contented, inoffensive mortals, shall attempt to rob them of their present share of felicity!

But, alas! as we rode over once or twice a week, to a large clothing town, at about five miles distance, we here found the publick-house, where we put up our horses, filled with a mob of ragged wretches, belonging to the different branches of the trade, drinking pots of ale, and listening to a seditious newspaper, (which, I found, was sent down gratis every week) tending to persuade them, “that the nation was on the brink of ruin; that trade was languishing under the burthen of our taxes; and, from the defects in our *constitution*, and the bad management of publick affairs, there were no hopes, without some *great change*, of better times.”

I asked a clothier, with whom my friend was acquainted, why those poor people appeared so wretched? and whether their trade was really on the decline?—It was never more flourishing, said he: and those fellows might live as happily as any people in the kingdom, but that every Monday morning they spend half their week’s wages, which they receive on Saturday night, in an ale-house, regardless of the remonstrances of their  
wives,

wives, and the cries of their children; and then complain of the taxes, and listen to any one who would persuade them that the fault is in the *constitution*, or in the publick administration, instead of their own idleness and extravagance.

There have been few governments so corrupt or oppressive, in which any great change or revolution has been attempted, without producing more evils than it was intended to remove. It is a well-known fact, in the Roman history, that more blood was spilt in *four months*, amidst the commotions which succeeded the death of Nero, than had been shed in the *fourteen years* even of that most cruel and bloody reign. A fact worthy the attention of those officious demagogues, who are daily disquieting the minds of the people, and by indecent reflections on the most respectable characters, and inflammatory representations of the (unavoidable) imperfections in all human institutions, exciting them to riots and insurrections!

Thus it was in the last century. Although from the reign of Henry the VIIth to that of Charles the Ist, many encroachments had been made on the freedom of our constitution, yet these were now given up to the firm remonstrances of some virtuous members of the long parliament. But, by the intrigues of some *officious*  
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or disappointed patriots, the people, who were in general rich and happy, were yet drawn in to cut each other's throats, in order to redress grievances, which, tho' they heard of, they neither saw, felt, nor understood. But

“ Hard words, jealousies, and fears,

“ Set folks together by the ears;” HUD.

and the contest was ~~and~~ long, bloody, and ruinous to all parties.

In our present prosperous situation, some ingenious gentleman, who has nothing to *do*, and nothing to *lose*, sits down in his study, (his garret perhaps) and from visionary ideas of absolute perfection, forms a system of government, such as never really existed: which, without any regard to the peace or happiness of the *present* generation, but from a *tender* regard to *posterity* forsooth, some discontented statesmen or enthusiastick patriots would endeavour to obtrude upon their fellow-citizens by devastation and slaughter; and, under a shew of *liberty*, deprive thousands of their *property*; and, instead of reforming, destroy the constitution, dissolve the bonds which unite society, and introduce universal anarchy and licentiousness.

Such patriots, though their intentions may be good, are like anxious mothers, who, by officiously giving  
their

their children physick when they do not want it, debilitate their constitutions, and often bring them into a consumption. Such *state-quacks*, as they are properly called, with the most pompous and flattering professions, frequently *kill*, but seldom *cure*, their deluded patients.

If our constitution is a little out of order, and labours under any chronical complaint, let us not endeavour to precipitate a cure by *bleeding* and purging, or any violent methods; but let nature, assisted by gentle alteratives, do her own work. In James the II<sup>d</sup>'s time, says the good Lord Lyttleton,\* “A revolution became *necessary*; and that necessity produced one.” As no such necessity however now exists, let us not be trying experiments: nor quit a tolerable share of substantial felicity under our present constitution, for a phantom of perfection, which will for ever frustrate our expectations.

\* Persian Letters.





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ON OUR

TREATMENT OF SERVANTS.

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**T**HERE is no complaint more general than that of the ill behaviour and depravity of servants. Their negligence, idleness and extravagance, are reckoned by many people amongst the greatest vexations of life; in-somuch, that we frequently hear gentlemen declare, that they had rather wait on themselves than be plagued with the stupidity or insolence of their domesticks.

Now, as human nature is much the same in all ranks of life, there must be some latent cause of this extensive evil, either in the state of servitude itself, or in the exercise of that authority which the superior station of the master gives him over the servant: I am inclined, from frequent observation, to place it, in *general*, to the account of the latter circumstance.

It is become almost proverbial, that "a good master makes a good servant." There is no temper so obstinate or untractable, as not to yield to the force of kind-

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ness and humanity; as, on the other hand, there is no one so meek or submissive as not to revolt against continual ill-usage and oppression. Of this truth I see daily instances; and my two friends, PUSILLUS and POMPILIUS, will furnish me with a recent example.

PUSILLUS had taken into his service the son of an honest and industrious cottager, a sturdy lad about fifteen—an age when iniquity begins to bud, and, if fostered by idleness or not checked by wholesome discipline, soon gets beyond controul. His master, however, kept him constantly employed, and treated him with a proper mixture of strictness and indulgence; and as the youth had good principles instilled into him by his parents, PETER soon became an excellent servant.

Encouraged by his neighbour's success, POMPILIUS took another son of the same industrious family, who was a year younger than his brother, but equally stout, good-tempered, and well-disposed. TOM was highly pleased with his preferment; and as his master lived in rather a more splendid stile, and gave a more showy livery than Pusillus, and also thinking it beneath him to give too minute an attention to his servants, allowed him at first more idle hours; TOM exulted a little over his brother Peter, and excited in him some degree of envy. After a little time, however, things began to wear

wear a different aspect; and Tom felt himself not quite so happy as at first he expected. His master, by degrees, treated him with more haughtiness and severity; not only called him *names*, (as Tom indignantly complained) such, as “whore’s-bird and hang-gallows;” but threatened him with the horse-whip for involuntary mistakes; made him wait in the street for an hour with his horses, called him away from his dinner, sent him on errands at unseasonable hours in the night, or in rain or snow; and after all, would be-devil and bed—mn him, without reason and without measure: whereas Pusillus (as any considerate master would do) often put himself to some little inconvenience, rather than expose his servant, without absolute necessity, to hardships of that kind. But what are servants paid for? (cries Pompilius to Pusillus, who would sometimes remonstrate with him on that head.) “Oh; he is a sad impudent, stupid dog, (adds he) and will never make a servant;” when Tom perhaps had imperfectly executed what his master had not condescended perfectly to explain.

In short, the master and man seemed to live in a state of perpetual hostility: the master lying in wait for an opportunity of venting his spleen on his servant; who in his turn, acting on no principle but that of fear, was more solicitous to avoid his master’s reproaches, than

to execute his commands, and gain his good-will. Pompilius indeed never *spoke*\* to Tom, but to abuse him : and as servants have the same feelings, and, where they understand the premises, reason generally as justly as their masters ; how can we suppose, that such treatment will not excite their resentment ? Accordingly Tom took every opportunity of retaliating on his master : and, as fellow-sufferers naturally sympathize with each other, whenever Tom met with such a one, they would adjourn to a neighbouring ale-house, and vent their mutual complaints : this gave his master more just pretences to reproach him, and would soon also have brought on an habit of drinking ; but, on suffering a violent outrage from his master, Tom gave him warning that he should quit his place ; who in his turn dismissed him immediately, and refused to give him a character : luckily, however, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who was on no terms with Pompilius, took Tom without a character, and, by proper treatment, has found him a valuable acquisition.

Pufillus's man Peter likewise improves daily : his master calmly issues out his orders ; instructs him in his duty ;

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\* As an instance that servants *feel* the insult of a contemptuous silence ; Lord Anson's brother had made the tour of the East, and when he came to Aleppo, his servant left him, and gave for a reason, that his master had not spoken three words to him in a tour of 3000 miles.

duty; and on every occasion, convinces Peter that he has *his* interest at heart, as well as his own. Peter, on the other hand, from an ambition to please his master, does many things voluntarily, and without waiting for his master's commands: and, as he makes his master's business his whole study, Pufillus often finds his account in consulting with his servant, who, as far as his capacity extends, sometimes judges better than his master. In a word, Pompilius proceeds on the tyrant's maxim, "*Oderint dum metuant;*" let them hate me, so that they fear me. Pufillus's maxim is the reverse, "*Colant me potius quam timeant;*" let them reverence me, rather than fear me. And they are requited accordingly.

I will not presume to interfere with the ladies' *treatment of servants*: under *their* mild and gentle sway, their female attendants are generally made their friends and confidants, and their footmen sometimes experience more than a fraternal affection: and I am persuaded that, in this age, no such capricious tyrants as Congreve's *Lady Wishfort*, or other characters of that kind, now exist.

Neither will I say any thing of the servants in the more elevated ranks of life; as I am afraid, they suffer more from the neglect, or from the examples of their

masters, than from their severity: they copy their vices, or are seduced by the luxury and extravagance which too generally prevails in such families, to become luxurious and extravagant themselves: and to support their extravagance, when settled in the world, they become dishonest, and abandoned.\* And during their service, as they are kept up a great part of the night, to attend their masters at the gambling-houses, or their ladies at their assemblies of different kinds, we cannot much blame them, if, to make up for their loss of rest, they seek for amusements not more innocent than those of their superiors.

Until some reformation, therefore, takes place in the manners and modes of life amongst the higher circles, in vain will the promoters of Sunday Schools, Schools of Industry, and other charitable institutions, labour to reform the morals of the lower classes of people, which are infallibly corrupted, in the first fashionable family that takes them into their service.

I shall close this essay with Seneca's excellent epistle on the subject, which not only breathes a truly Christian spirit, but gives us too <sup>a</sup> lively a sketch of the enormous  
luxury

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\* The frequent burglaries or house-breakings in the metropolis, are generally conducted by the connivance of profligate servants.

luxury and pride of the Romans in that age: to which, state, however, we ourselves seem to be rapidly advancing, and partly from a similar cause—the importation of the wealth, the luxury and effeminacy of the Asiatick nations; who will probably revenge the unprovoked injuries which they have received from the Europeans, by gradually corrupting the morals of their conquerors, and make them in their turns the prey of some more virtuous and more warlike invaders.\*

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SENECA EPISTLE XLVII.

TO LUCILIUS.

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**I** WAS much pleased to hear, from some of your neighbours in the country, upon what kind and familiar terms you live with your slaves. It is no more, indeed, than I should have expected from your good-sense and enlightened understanding. But, are they really our slaves?—No: they are men; they are our companions;

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\* —Sæviar armis

Luxuria incubuit; victumq; ulciscitur orbem.

JUV. vi. 292.

companions; our humble friends. Are they our slaves? No: they are only our fellow-servants; if you reflect that we are all equally under the *dominion* of fortune. I cannot but smile, therefore, at those who would think themselves polluted, if they were obliged to eat with their fellow-servants.

But why so? Only because a most insolent custom has made it necessary for the master, as he *sits* at table, to be attended by a crowd of slaves *standing* round him. He eats more than his stomach can well contain; and, while he is thus voraciously cramming his distended paunch,\* his unhappy slaves dare not move their lips, or utter a word. The lowest whisper is punished with the lash. Nor are the most casual or involuntary circumstances exempted from stripes. To cough, to sneeze, to hiccup, or to interrupt the silence of the company by any kind of noise, is a capital offence.

Thus the poor slaves remain the whole night fasting and mute. Hence it comes to pass, that those who are not permitted to speak before their masters, take their revenge by talking enough behind their backs: whereas  
those

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\* The original has a remark, of importance to health, "that the belly being thus distended, loses its tone (and, the peristaltick motion being obstructed) discharges its contents with more difficulty than they were crammed in."



those slaves who have been indulged in the liberty, not only of talking in their master's presence, but of conversing modestly with them, have often been found ready to sacrifice their own lives, to avert any danger which threatened the lives of their masters. They *talked* in their convivial entertainments; but were impregnably *silent* under the torture.

From the same absurd arrogance, arose the proverbial expression, "A man has as many enemies as he has slaves." Alas! they are not yet our enemies, but we make them so.

I forbear to mention many other cruel and inhuman practices on this subject: That we do not treat our slaves as if they were men; but abuse them, as if they were beasts of burthen: That when we sit down to table, one is employed to wipe up the spittle; another to gather up the scraps, which drop from the drunken guests; one stands to carve the costly fowls; and with certain artful flourishes, carrying his skilful hand round the breast and the rump, shakes it at once, properly carved, into the dish.

Wretched mortal, who lives for no other purpose than to cut up crammed turkeys! Though he perhaps is more despicably wretched, who, to gratify his appetite,  
has

has this poor mortal taught so frivolous an art; which through necessity alone he submits to learn.\*

The sum of my precepts on this subject is in short this:—That you live in such a manner with your inferiors as you would wish to have your superiors live with you. Do not estimate men by their functions, but by their manners: a man gives himself the one; accident allots him the other. He may be a slave in his person, but perhaps his mind is free. Shall it be imputed to him as a crime, that he is a slave? Tell me, who is not so. One man is a slave to his appetites: another to his avarice: another to his ambition: and all of us are slaves to *fear*.† Here is a man of consular dignity, who makes himself a slave to a wealthy old woman. Here is a man abounding in riches; he is enslaved to a little artful handmaid. Behold our young men of the first quality, the slaves of actresses and finging-girls.

Now, what can be more ignominious, than this voluntary servitude? Let not these fastidious fops, then, deter you from behaving with affability; or at least, without any unnecessary haughtiness, even towards your slaves. Let them love and reverence, rather than fear you.

“What,

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\* Some instances of the abuse of their slaves are here omitted.

† This seems to allude to the social doctrine of the passions.

“What, then, would you have us give our slaves their liberty, and degrade their masters from their superior station?”

He that talks thus must have forgotten that masters ought to be content with what is sufficient for the gods themselves: who are only *reverenced* and *loved*. But *love* is incompatible with *fear*. Most wisely therefore, in my opinion, do you act; who will not be feared by your slaves; who chastise them with words alone, and leave brutes to be governed by severity and stripes.

N. B. Cicero, Pliny the consul, and all the best and wisest of the Romans, speak of their slaves with the same tenderness and humanity. If slaves therefore are absolutely necessary for cultivating our sugar-canes; let us, for shame, treat them with as much humanity as those did their slaves who were strangers to the gospel.

But, as Governor Trelawny said (with a severe irony) forty years since, “What signify the sufferings or death of a few *outlandish* men, if we can send better goods to market?”

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CONTRAST.

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**POMPILIUS** and **PUSILLUS** (for thus their acquaintance distinguished them) were neighbours in the country, and generally companions in town. Their situation in life, their family and fortune, were nearly similar, and they were about the same age; but in their persons, their turn of mind, their behaviour, and their general œconomy, they were very different. **Pompilius** was a jolly, round-faced man, of an intrepid air and unbashful countenance. **Pusillus** was a slender, thin-faced little man, of a timid and diffident appearance. The one gave you some idea of **Falstaff**: the other of **Simon Shadow**, **Falstaff's** recruit. In **Pompilius** all was lofty, bold, and magnificent: in **Pusillus** every thing was the reverse. The former, in his dress, his equipage, and manner of life, appeared rather above his fortune: the latter, not from a sordid, but from an unassuming temper, was almost in the other extreme. **Pompilius** rode a stately steed, and was always attended by a servant.

vant. Pufillus scampered about on a little Welch poney, with a crupper to his saddle, studying convenience rather than show. "Send my servant hither!" was Pompilius's language on all occasions. "Pray "did you see *our man* Peter?" was Pufillus's less imperious manner of expressing himself.

Pompilius called every one, even much his superiors, with great familiarity by their Christian names, Jack or Harry: Pufillus never spoke to his shoemaker, or his taylor, without the addition of Mr. Such-a-one! I must beg you not to disappoint me.

At an ordinary or any public meeting, Pompilius took his place as near the upper end of the room as he could do with any degree of modesty or propriety, while Pufillus was lost in the crowd at the bottom of the table, often unnoticed by any of his acquaintance. Pompilius, even among strangers, would rally Pufillus, and shew his wit at the expence of his friend, who could frequently have made ample reprisals, but was checked by delicacy, or an extreme diffidence and want of spirit.

In town, when walking the streets, Pompilius made not only the ladies, but porters with their burthens, give him the way; while Pufillus gave the way to cinder-wenches and chimney-sweepers.]

Come,

"Come, Pufillus, said his friend, you shall go with me to the bank, to receive my dividend:" it was to no purpose to plead, that he was engaged at the other end of the town: Pompilius seizes him by the button, and baffles all resistance.

At the coffee-house Pompilius bullies the waiters, who instantaneously attend, and he has the choice of the papers: Pufillus is forced to call twice or thrice before he can get his coffee, or any paper at all.

Pompilius dictates to the company, in literature or politicks, with oracular solemnity. "What is your opinion of the last new play?" said a gentleman to Pompilius. "Why, it has some merit, replied he: but the characters are not sufficiently discriminated." Pompilius had not read the play, but this was precisely the judgment which his friend Pufillus had given of it that very morning.

An article of intelligence, which the former said he had received from the *best authority*, the latter, without contradicting him, knew to be no more than a vague *report* of the day.

Pompilius frequently uttered, with great parade, the most obvious remarks as his own discovery. Pufillus  
often

often said good things, but with so little emphasis and with so negligent an air, that none but nice observers took notice of them. For, as Shenstone says, "It is necessary to lay *some stress* yourself on what you intend should be remarked by others;" yet Pompilius, as I have observed, often retailed his friend's remarks as his own.

"Well, sir," said Sir Stephen Stately, to Pufillus, "I have disposed of my son at last, by the advice, and on an excellent plan of your neighbour Pompilius;" which, by the way, was the very same plan repeatedly proposed to Sir Stephen by Pufillus; though not being earnestly enforced, was entirely unattended to by him; who, pompous and empty himself, disregarded every thing which did not come recommended in a manner consonant to his own sublime ideas.

In short, Pufillus, though not insensible of his own superiority, yet for want of a proper spirit, continually surrendered his own opinions to those of his friend Pompilius; on which account the latter was esteemed, by superficial observers, a man of great sense and profound erudition; while Pufillus was reckoned a poor ignorant and weak man, by those who had not half his sense or learning: nay, what was of more serious consequence, he once had like to have suffered through a culpable lenity to a poacher, who had robbed his fish-pond,

pond, of which he had the strongest evidence; but being unwilling, on account of his family to prosecute him, a rascally attorney advised the fellow to prosecute Pufillus for defamation; he then, however, exerted himself, and punished the thief as he deserved.

After all, Pompilius gained no more than a forced external respect from the judicious, or from strangers; while Pufillus was really loved and esteemed by the discerning few, who intimately knew him: for though, by too tamely resigning his real consequence, the latter (with courage enough on important occasions) was often treated with inattention and neglect; yet the former, by assuming more than he had a right to, though possessed of good-nature and many good qualities, was frequently pronounced "a confounded impudent fellow!"

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ON  
PRIDE AND VANITY.  
THEIR DISTINCTION.

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PRIDE and VANITY are often confounded with each other, and in common speech are used as synonymous to express the same thing. But, though they are somewhat similar, and may perhaps be sometimes found in the same person, yet there is an obvious distinction between them.

Vanity is only too much pleased with itself; pride is always joined with a contempt of others. The *proud* man values himself on advantages, which, in some measure, he really possesses: the *vain* man flatters himself (and wishes to be flattered by other people) for perfections which exist solely in his own imagination. The former, conscious perhaps of his rank, his fortune, or some share of understanding, assumes state, and looks down with contempt on those whom he considers as his inferiors in those particulars: the latter, reflecting  
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with self-applause on his imaginary perfections, is pleased with those who confirm him in the delusion, and receives with perfect good-humour and complacency the least grain of incense which is offered him.

CELSUS is the proudest, and his brother LEPIDUS the vainest, man I know. Celsus, by a stately and important air, keeps you at a distance; Lepidus, by his complaisant, pleasant, and familiar manner, levels all distinction. Celsus is indifferent to the censure or praise of those whom he despises; Lepidus solicits the admiration and applause of every one with whom he converses. The one receives a compliment as his due; the other is thankful for it, as a favour or an alms.

Celsus, however, though he imposes on those who have less sense than himself, is despised by those who have more; Lepidus, though a child may penetrate into his foible, is rather pitied than despised. The former, by assuming too much, sometimes forfeits that respect which is his constant aim. The latter, though his vanity cannot entitle him to respect, is generally beloved for his condescension.

In the softer sex, indeed, vanity is often attended with more fatal effects than pride; as their vanity exposes them to the snares of seducers, while a degree of pride

pride often preserves their virtue; yet each of these foibles, if not guarded by better principles, often exposes them to ridicule and contempt.

In short, the proud man is an odious being: the vain man rather an entertaining animal. The one insults, the other diverts the company. The vain man should be rallied for his folly, and laughed out of his absurdity: the proud man should be treated with less ceremony, and, if he had his desert, should be drubbed into better manners. The spectators, at least, would exult to see a man, who assumes such airs of superiority over his equals, treated, by some blunt fellow, with the utmost freedom, and reduced to a level with those whom he affects to despise.

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ON

INTEMPERANCE.

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“THE first physicians by debauch were made;  
 “ *Excess* began, and sloth sustains the trade.”

Thus sings Dryden, and the good sense contained in these well-known lines may atone for the absurdity of the following:

“ The wise for *cure* on *Exercise* depend,  
 “ God never made his work for man to *mend*.”

EXCESS is undoubtedly the cause of almost all our complaints; but *exercise*, when we are ill, would, in many cases, *aggravate* instead of *curing* them; and though a physician could not *improve* the work of the Creator (for there the fallacy lies) he surely might *mend* or repair it when out of order. A country carpenter could not improve or finish a coach; but if a wheel, or even the axle-tree, were broke, he might certainly *mend* or repair it.

But,

But, though “ I *honour* a physician with the honour *due* to his art,” which is always useful in acute, and sometimes in chronical cases; yet I consider *temperance* as the sovereign preservative of health, superior to the most boasted medicines, and which renders even *exercise* itself in some measure needless. As excess is the cause of a great part of our diseases, so there are few which temperance will not prevent, or by degrees remove. Repletion overloads and oppresses nature: abstinence relieves her from that oppression, and restores their tone or elasticity to the distended vessels, and often stifles a fever in its birth.

We complain of unhealthy situations, unsettled weather, hereditary gout, delicate constitutions, and the like: and there is sometimes perhaps foundation for these complaints; but in general, we might more justly complain of, and (like Montaigne’s friend) “ curse the Bologna sausages, dried hams and tongues,” and other high-seasoned food, in which we have too freely indulged: for temperance, I will venture to say, would secure us from the influence of those accidental or local circumstances; and even infectious distempers would generally lose their force, where the blood was not previously disposed to inflammation or putrefaction, as was the case with Socrates, during the plague of

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Athens,

Athens, and as Mr. Howard repeatedly for many years experienced.\*

And as temperance would secure mankind from a great part of those diseases, which are said to be *naturally* incident to mortality: how fatal are the effects of its contrary, intemperance! What numbers of worthy and useful members of society, in every profession, daily fall a sacrifice to this destructive evil! How often is genius, improved by the labour of years, blasted, in the meridian of life, by the baneful effects of luxury and intemperance.

Where are many of my friends and contemporaries in the University, whose constitutions seemed calculated for a century's duration? Where are my friends W——, Sh——, B——, and others; the companions of my youthful studies and amusements? Alas! long since vanished, the victims of *comparative* intemperance: for though they were apparently sober and regular, as well as studious young men; yet temperance must be considered in a *relative* sense, and proportioned to our constitution, our way of life, more active or more sedentary, and to the exercise we have it in our power to use.

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\* See Dr. Aikin's Life of Howard.

In the streets of Bath, the general resort of the infirm, and rendezvous of the medical tribe, (for where the carcase is, there will the ravens assemble) when I see an hundred sturdy chairmen groaning under the loads of bloated invalids; or, in the Pump-room, compare the miserable, gouty, paralytick, and emaciated figures, with the youthful, blooming beauties, who have not yet injured by indulgence, or disfigured by cosmeticks, the master-piece of the creation, I involuntarily exclaim,

“Ye Gods! What havock does *intemperance* make  
“among your works!”

Young Cyrus, accustomed to the simple diet of the Persians, was disgusted at the Court of Ecbatane, to see his grandfather Astyages, under a necessity of wiping his fingers, after every morsel that he put to his mouth. What would the young prince have said to the delicacy of a modern epicure, who indiscriminately devours fish and flesh; high soup and sauce; with oil, vinegar, and mustard; foy and cayenne-pepper, and all the diabolical ingredients in French or English cookery? How can such discordant materials produce that simple balsamick fluid, so necessary to recruit and preserve the health and strength of the human body?

It is from these refinements of luxury, that we see those crowds of patients, whose complaints have baffled the  
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the skill of their physicians resorting to Bath, and other sulphureous and mineral springs :\*

“ Condemn’d to water for *excess* in wine.”

EUPHROS. vol. I.

These reflections were suggested on surveying lately a group of these cripples in the Pump-room; when I was recognized by a little active old man, who, forty years since, had been a member of a club with me, at a tavern near the Temple, and was then supposed to be in a rapid decline; but, by a strict regimen, had survived all our jolly bottle-companions, who at that time ridiculed him as a miserable milkop. By his temperance and sobriety, he had improved and preserved to his seventieth year, a crazy carcass; while the others, by their luxury and intemperance, had ruined their robust constitutions; and had long since gone where the sensual appetites, it is to be feared, will have no objects for their gratification.

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\* “ Ubicunque scatent aquarum calentium venæ, ibi nova  
“ diversoria luxuriæ excitantur.” SEN. Epist. 89.

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ON THE  
GRADUAL APPROACH  
OF  
OLD AGE.

\* EHEU FUGACES LABUNTUR ANNI." HOR.

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**T**HERE is nothing which we more reluctantly believe, or of which we are more mortified to be reminded, than that "we are growing old." We look daily in the glass perhaps, to adjust our perriwigs, or smooth our cravats; but seldom attend to the silent progress of our years, and the alterations which the hand of time is gradually making in our persons. We advance from youth to manhood, and from manhood decline into the vale of years, to old age and decrepitude; but by such imperceptible degrees, that it almost escapes our notice. Hence we behold septuagenarian beaux and beauties of the last age inattentive to the depredations of time, and, with more than youthful levity, infesting the resorts of youth and beauty, admiring or courting admiration:

erected under my own inspection. What then will become of me, if the very stones, my contemporaries, are going to decay?

“ Being out of humour with him, however, I seized another occasion of venting my spleen against my servant. These plane-trees, said I, have certainly been greatly neglected. The leaves are all falling off; the branches grown knotty and parched up; the very trunks rough and squalid with moss. This could not have happened, if they had been dug round and watered. The poor man, piqued at my suspicions, swore upon his soul,\* that he had given all possible attention to them; but that the trees were grown *old*. Now, to tell you a secret, I myself planted those very trees; I myself beheld the first leaves they produced.

“ Turning towards the gate; ‘ who is that decrepid old fellow there?’ said I: though you have done right to place him at the door, for he seems just ready to be carried to his funeral.† But where did you get this carcase? What have we to do with conveying other people’s slaves to their burial?

“ Ah!

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\* Per genium meum.

† Alluding to their custom of placing dead bodies in the vestibule.

“ Ah! fir, fays the porter, don’t you know me? I am your *Felicio*: to whom you ufed to fend toys for fairings at the Saturnalian\* holidays; I am the fon of your old steward Philofitus, your *little favourite*.”

“ Why, fure the fellow’s out of his fenfes, faid I. He fancies himfelf a child: my little favourite, forfooth! Indeed, it may be fo; for, I fee, he is fhedding his teeth.†

“ Well; this at leaft I owe to my country-houfe; that wherever I turn myfelf, when I go thither, I am prefented with memorials of my old age. Let me then embrace and bid it welcome. Old age, if we know how to make a proper ufe of it, abounds in pleasures: or this at leaft, fupplies the place of pleasures,—that *we do not want them*.

“ What an agreeable ftate of life is this! To have fubdued our paffions; and got entirely rid of our importunate lufts and defires!”——

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\* Like our Christmas.

† From old age, as children do in their infancy.

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ON

SINGULARITY OF MANNERS.

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THERE are few people of such mortified pretensions, as patiently to acquiesce under the total neglect of mankind: nay, so ambitious are most men of distinction, that they chuse to be taken notice of, even for their absurdities, rather than to be entirely overlooked, and lost in obscurity; and, if they despair of exciting the attention of the world, by any brilliant or useful accomplishment, they will endeavour to gain it by some ridiculous peculiarity in their dress, their equipage, or accoutrements.

Many persons may remember a little foreigner, (Des Cafeaux, I think, was his name) who appeared daily in the Mall, dressed in black, with an hat of an enormous diameter, and a long roll of paper in his hand. His picturesque appearance tempted some artists, to make an etching of him, which was exhibited in every shop. I mention this gentleman, because his professed intention was, he said, "to attract the notice of the king, as he had done that of his subjects."

But

But we see daily instances of the same kind. One man sports a paradoxical walking-stick; another rises to fame by the shortness of his coat, or the length of his trowsers, or the multiplicity of capes on his shoulders, and the like efforts of genius and invention. I remember a young divine, some years since, not otherwise eminent either for learning or ingenuity, who wore his own short hair, when every one else wore long wigs, "in imitation, as he said, of Gregory Nazianzen."

It would be cruel, to deprive these gentlemen of their slender gratification in these harmless particulars; but when we assume any thing peculiar in our appearance, in order to disguise our real character; when we affect an uncommon sanctity and solemnity of countenance to impose upon the world; we then become more than ridiculous, and are highly immoral.

A Tartuffe indeed, or a pretender to extraordinary devotion, is not a prevailing character in this age: too many are in the contrary extreme; and, like Colonel Chartres, are guilty of every human vice—except hypocrisy. Even our Young Divines, though doubtless much given to fasting and prayer in private, yet “appear not to men to fast;” but anoint their hair, and exhibit their rosy faces; and, by their dress, are not to be distinguished from prophane sportsmen or country squires.

'squires. I do not exempt the orators of the tabernacle from this description; who, instead of the primitive locks of John Wesley, seem now to make female converts by their well-dressed hair, and dapper appearance.

Yet, in every profession, there are still pretenders; who, by grimace or affected solemnity, endeavour to gain the confidence of the vulgar; and to exalt themselves above their equals in skill, and assume more importance than is their due.

However, if we must distinguish ourselves from the rest of mankind, let it be by our intrinsic virtue, our temperance and sobriety, and a conscientious regard to every relative duty; but, as we ought "to think with the wise, and talk with the vulgar," let us also act differently from a great part of the world in matters of importance, but conform to them in trifles. This is what Seneca so forcibly inculcates in his fifth Epistle to his friend Lucilius.

"I both approve of your conduct, and sincerely rejoice that you resolutely exert yourself; and, laying aside every other pursuit, make it your whole study to improve yourself in wisdom and virtue. And I not only exhort, but earnestly intreat you to persevere in this course."

Give

“ Give me leave, however, to caution you not to imitate those pretended philosophers, who are more solicitous to attract the notice of the world, than to make a progress in wisdom; nor to affect any thing singular in your dress, or in your manner of life. Avoid that preposterous ambition of gaining applause, by your uncouth appearance, your hair uncombed, and your beard neglected; nor be always declaiming against the use of plate, of soft beds, or any thing of that kind. The very name of a philosopher is sufficiently invidious, though managed with the greatest modesty and discretion.

“ Suppose we have entered upon our Stoical plan, and begun to sequester ourselves from the conversation and customs of the vulgar; let every thing *within* be dissimilar; but let our *outward* appearance be conformable to the rest of the world. Let not our apparel be splendid or shewy, nor yet mean or fordid. Let not our plate be embossed with gold; but let us not imagine, that the mere want of such expensive plate is a sufficient proof of our frugality. Let us endeavour to live a better life, not merely a life contrary to that of the vulgar; otherwise, instead of conciliating the favour of those whom we wish to reform, we shall excite their aversion, and drive them from our company; we shall also deter them from imitating us in any thing, when

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they are afraid that they are to imitate us in every thing.

“ The first advantages which philosophy promises are, a just sense of the common rights of mankind, humanity, and a sociable disposition ; from which advantages, singularity and dissimilar manners will entirely seclude us. Let us beware, lest those peculiarities by which we hope to excite the admiration, should expose us to the ridicule and aversion, of mankind.

“ Our object is to live according to nature ; but to torture our bodies, to abhor cleanliness in our persons, when attended with no trouble, or to affect a cynical filthiness in our food ; this sure is living contrary to nature. As it is a mark of luxury to hunt after delicacies, to reject the common unexpensive comforts of life is a degree of madness. Our Stoic philosophy requires us to be frugal, not to mortify ourselves ; but there is such a thing as an elegant frugality. This moderation is what I would recommend.” —

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AURORA;

OR,

THE APPARITION.

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HAVING lately had a very sober party, to cards and supper, at my country-house, I got early to bed, before one o'clock: I slept soundly for some hours; but when I awoke, to my astonishment, I beheld a female figure, modestly clad in a light robe, with a mild, serene countenance; who, moving from towards the window, came and stood at the feet of my bed. I was going to speak, and express my surprise, when she prevented me, and thus began:—

“ Do not be alarmed, sir: though I am now a stranger to you, as you have not seen me since you were a school-boy; yet I was well known to your good father and mother, with whom I was upon the most intimate footing. I breakfasted with them every day in the week, and sometimes dined with them; and was a peculiar favourite with your excellent mother. I now

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come

come daily into your village, and am well known to the farmers and poor people, to whom I am a true friend; and they always rejoice to see me, as I put them in a way to get their livelihood, and by a wholesome elixir, with which I supply them gratis, and by my consolatory and cheerful conversation, keep them in health and spirits. Nay, the very birds of the air seem to know me, and express their joy at my approach.” —Astonishment kept me silent, and she proceeded in her harangue :

“ I should have introduced myself to you, (however unwelcome) out of regard to your father and mother; but am now excluded, I find, by the express orders of your near friend, this pretended widow, in her sable weeds forsooth, (Mrs. Hecatiffa Midnight, I think they call her) to whom you are of late so unaccountably attached; and who, it seems, has a particular dislike to me, as she slips away whenever I happen to appear, being conscious that I outshine and eclipse her; and knows also that I was a friend to your family, and must be concerned to see her encourage you in revelling, gaming, and every thing that is bad. And indeed, sir, if you do not disengage yourself from her enchantments, she will be the ruin of your health, your fortune, and your reputation. All decent people are astonished at your infatuation, (for I will speak my mind, now I have

have got admittance) since, in spite of her silver crescent, which she wears, I suppose, as an emblem of her chastity, it is well known she has been kept by half the members of the House of Commons and of the gambling clubs, nay, has walked the streets and been prostituted to hackney-coachmen, pickpockets, and street-robbers. And here you have brought her into the country, to seduce your sober neighbours, who formerly paid me great attention: but now there is not a gentleman in the parish, except the vicar, who shews me the least regard, and I only see him once or twice a week, as he rides out with the 'squire's huntsman; for as to the squire himself, whom I used frequently to visit, and who was always glad to see me, he now follows your example, and curses me if ever I am seen at his door."

I was here again beginning to make apologies; and to pacify her, made her a compliment on her beauty; but she proceeded:

"I am not come to court you, sir; yet, as I can never get sight of you, and have nobody to speak in my favour, indignation forces me to violate the rules of decorum, and to say, that I think myself much superior in beauty, sprightliness, and every virtuous quality, to this harridan, whom you are so fond of; and have had more compliments paid me (even by the best poets of

the age) without any other ornaments than a few wild flowers, than she ever had in her jewels and spangles, which glitter about her autumnal countenance, and which (by the way) she has only borrowed (if not pilfered) from an illustrious friend of mine;\* which, however, she never appears in but clandestinely, being ashamed to wear them in his presence or in mine.

“ In short, sir, if I could once detach you from this Ethiopian queen, (as Dr. Young calls her by way of sneer) I have the vanity to think that my charms, such as they are, would make a proper impression on your heart, and you would be unwilling to pass a single day without seeing me; and I will venture to say, you would receive more pleasure, as well as improvement, from the company to which I could introduce you, than from your present connexion. I am a particular acquaintance and friend of those celebrated and accomplished young ladies whom you used to talk of when you came from school, called, as an honourable distinction, “ The Nine Sisters;”† who, though no great fortunes, are as much courted and caressed as any young women in the kingdom, of their humble rank and retired way of life.

“ I must

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\* The sup.

† Aurora Mufis Amica.

"I must confess, indeed, that I am much less in vogue amongst people in high life than I was formerly; and am seldom seen at the court end of the town, except by the Marchioness of B—, the Countess of C—, Mrs. M—, and a few more ladies of superior sense, and of a literary turn. Nay, I am sorry to say that of late I meet with but little respect even in the city, except by some of the lowest and most industrious of the inhabitants; so that I now spend most of my time amongst the honest laborious peasants in the country; who, I hope, for their own sake as well as that of the community, will continue to regard me."

I listened with attention to her discourse; and, notwithstanding the few sallies of resentment, which only added spirit to her features, I was charmed with the character of native sweetness which appeared in her countenance; and having now recollected something of her person, I said, with some confusion, "that I was sorry I had so long been deprived of her visits, and should be happy to renew my acquaintance; and added, that I now remembered having often seen her in my youth, and that my mother used to call her 'her dear Aurora;' but having unhappily got acquainted with the widow Hecatissa in town, I owned she had engrossed too much of my time and attention; that for the future, however, I hoped to see *her* often, and would take effectual care

care to have her admitted, whenever she would condescend to honour me with her visits."

I was going on, when a glow of splendour, like the rising of the sun, shone around her, and flashed in my face; and she vanished from my sight.

I drew my curtains more closely round me; turned from the window; went to sleep again—till noon—and have not seen the fair Aurora since.

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THE  
GRAND PROCESSION!

CEDENT ARMA TOGÆ!

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**R**ETURNING lately from a tour to the Lakes in Cumberland, I slept at a great manufacturing town in the North; and the next morning, having viewed every thing which was thought curious in the place, I ordered my horses to proceed on my journey; when my landlord asked me, if I would not stay to see the procession? What procession, said I? "Why, sir, there has lately been established here a society, called *the true and respectable Taylors*; and to-day they have their first grand feast, and walk in procession to hear a sermon at the great church." "What is the intention of this society?" said I to my host? "Why, sir, partly to raise a fund for the support of their decayed brethren of the thimble; and partly to rescue their profession from the contempt and ridicule, which is so often,

often, and so unjustly, levelled at so useful a branch of the community.

As I supposed this to be an humble imitation of the Society of Free-Masons, of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member, I thought there might be something humorous in such a cavalcade, and accordingly stayed to see it.

At the head of the procession there walked a very young divine in his canonicals; whom, I found, they had chosen in preference to the rector, because his name was *Taylor*. On his left hand walked the president, a portly figure! dressed more like a general officer than a master-taylor; having an immense hat on, cocked with an air of terror and defiance; his coat, with old-fashioned stiffened skirts and large sleeves, lined with crimson silk, and adorned with gold buttons. After them walked the whole fraternity; but intermixed, as I was told, with some few woollen-drapers, as between them and the taylor's there is generally supposed to be a sympathetick connexion, or fellow-feeling. In the midst of the cavalcade walked the standard-bearer, with the flag painted with the arms of the merchant-taylor's; namely, a tent between two mantles, lined with ermine; a lion in chief, to shew that even a taylor can be valiant on occasion; but a lamb for their crest, to denote the  
general



general meekness and pacifick character of their profession. The camels for their supporters, probably allude to the materials formerly made use of for buttons, called mohair, which is chiefly the hair of the camel.

*The whole story ought to be told - thus it happens*

When we came to the church, the young curate had selected psalms and lessons proper for the occasion, and had taken his text from St. Paul's epistle to the Romans: "A remnant shall be saved." As this was the first sermon preached before the Company, it was chiefly historical; but I was sorry to hear the preacher, before a society founded on brotherly love and charity, begin with sarcastical reflections on our much more respectable society of "free and accepted Masons." He said, there was a certain upstart, pragmatikal set of people, called Free-Masons, who pretended to claim the precedence, in point of antiquity, to the respectable body of Taylors; but if any of them could read, (said the pedantick prig) let them look into the very beginning of their bible, and they will find that Adam made use of a needle for sewing many ages before we hear any thing of trowels or building. And as for their Temple of Solomon, which they so profanely introduce on all occasions; have they never heard how many years the Jews worshipped in tents or tabernacles, before the Temple of Solomon had any existence?—He proceeded

*Dr. Barrow preached a sermon on the text was a remnant may be saved it gave offence to make amends he would preach again the usual price is a guinea his second*

*text was let him that has stolen steal no more - this did not much mend the matter - he would pay a guinea to preach again - he did so - & his text was & they had lived in all their quarters - The Dr. Mr. &*

to lug in St. Paul, as an ornament to their society, because he was a tent-maker; though he might as well have introduced Saint Crispin as a taylor, because he was said to have been a shoe-maker.

In short; I was so much disgusted with the young man's pertness, that I was slipping towards the door to make my escape, when a sort of tipstaff came up, and whispered to me, that the president, seeing I was a stranger, desired I would honour them with my company at dinner. I was pleased with the compliment, sat out the sermon, and accordingly attended them at the entertainment, which was provided for them at an hotel.

The first course was sumptuous, though rather substantial than elegant: there was fish and fowl of many sorts; a fine Yorkshire ham, and a rump of beef; and between every two dishes, cabbages or cucumbers, dressed in different manners, boiled, stewed, pickled or preserved; and, in the middle of the table, an immense red cabbage of a beautiful appearance, near to which the flag and other ensigns were placed.

The second course, amongst other things, consisted of a dozen of small-birds at the top, dressed with their feathers on the head and wings, which shewed them to  
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be goldfinches, called in that country "*proud taylor*s;" at the bottom, and on each side, were a green-goose and green-pease, which *pun* I was not sorry to see repeated, as it is a dish I am particularly fond of.

As I was seated near the chaplain, I took an opportunity after dinner of expostulating with him, in a jocular manner, on the severity with which he had treated the Free-Masons.—“ Why, (said the doctor) I have no objection to any social meetings, which are conducted with sobriety and decency, especially such as have so good an object in view as the present has; but I am provoked to have a serious affair and a mystery made of what every one knows to be a mere farce, as Free-Masonry is.” [I found he himself knew nothing of the matter.] I then asked him, if he had seen a very ingenious treatise, lately published, on free-masonry! “ Yes, replied he; and the author had better have called it a treatise on rope-dancing; which, as Dr. Johnson humorously proved, comprehends all the cardinal virtues, (Prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude:) for the treatise you mention is only an ingenious discourse on morality and religion. And if virtue must be said to be founded on *Masonry*, because, in a figurative sense, it depends on rule and proportion; it may as well be said to be founded on a taylor’s measure, and a pair of breeches may be an emblem of modesty,  
and

and a flirtout of charity, as it often "covers a multitude of sins."

To get a truce to the doctor's ridicule, I asked the President, whether their society had any *secret*, which they communicated to their initiated members, as the Free-Masons had: "Yes, sir, answered the Doctor, (who I found was the champion of the company) the taylor's have many and more important secrets than the pretended Rosicrucian *secrets* of the Free-Masons; their celestial cube; their immortal carbuncle or pyramid of purple salt, more radiant than the sun in its meridian glory; which are no more to the purpose, than the red cabbage which you saw in the middle of the table. But these "*respectable taylor's*" communicate, to the initiated, the true and important secrets of the trade founded on mathematical principles, for the uses of common life; how to cut out a square piece of cloth, with the most advantage to themselves as well as to their customers, into elliptical circles, parallelograms, parallelopipedons, and all the variety of dimensions necessary to make a coat or a pair of breeches."

I suffered the orator to harangue without interruption, when a young member, who sat near the president, waxing mellow, began spouting Hamlet:

"But

“ ————— But that I am forbid  
 “ To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
 “ I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
 “ Would harrow up thy soul.”

The President, a little fore, called him “to order!” But the chaplain, now also a little elevated, said, “Why, Mr. President, I believe there are some secrets of your prison-house, called *hell*, (where, I am told, you now and then slip a *remnant* of cloth) which ought not to be disclosed. I had my pulpit hung with black cloth, with which my taylor (not any one of this honest fraternity) made me indeed a coat and waistcoat, but so scanty, that I could not wear them; and brought me home a rag or two, not enough to make a pincushion. But half a year after I saw my gentleman in a handsome black waistcoat and breeches, which a discarded journeyman assured me was a *remnant* of my eleemosynary pulpit-cloth.

A droll fellow now began to sing, in no very melodious voice, the old song,

“ A tinker and a taylor,  
 “ A foldier and a failor,  
 “ Were once at deadly strife, fir,  
 “ To make a maid a wife, fir,  
 “ Whose name was buxom Joan, &c.”

And

And as most of the fraternity began to be very obstreperous, and the waiter came round to collect the ordinary, I paid my half-crown, and was taking leave of Mr. President, when, towards the bottom of the table, was heard a great uproar. My landlord, it seems, without acquainting the President, had introduced a little weefel-faced fellow; who, though he had eaten as much as nine taylors, refused to pay more than one shilling for his ordinary and extraordinaries. He said, he had dined at most of the Revolution Clubs in London, and had much better dinners at that price, and would pay no more.

The waiter desired to refer it to the president.—“ I do not care a louse for the president, says the stranger; all mankind are *equal*, and I insist upon ‘ the rights of man;’ and will not give up my unalienable liberty of getting a dinner, wherever I can meet with it.”

The waiter urged, that the society had agreed, and ordered a dinner at so much a head. The stranger said, “ *no body* of men could bind another to what he had not given his consent.” Besides, an agreement made before dinner may be broken after dinner: a man may see reasons, when his belly is full, which he could not see on an empty stomach.

This

This extraordinary doctrine being uttered with some emphasis, the chaplain, who was an orthodox son of the church, said, in a loud whisper, that he fancied it was Dr. P----t--y in disguise: "No, sir, says the stranger, I am not Dr. P----t--y, I respect the Doctor as a philosopher and a divine; he has made *free* enough with the secrets of nature, and with the *mysteries* of religion; but he does not come up to my standard in politicks: my name is Thomas P—ne; and I do not care who knows it!"

"What business have you amongst a company of taylors, then, cries one of them, and will not pay your reckoning?"

"Sir, I am a brother of the *thimble*; and a Stay-maker by trade; which, surely, is superior to a Taylor; as you all acknowledge the sovereignty of your wives and mistresses over their husbands or keepers."

This roused the spirit of the whole fraternity; who, starting up like the soldiers of Cadmus, instantaneously, each man with his arms a-kimbo declared, no woman in Christendom should rule *him*. The President likewise, clapping on his Khevenhuller hat, and snatching up the standard, said, he would be glad to see the woman that should *dare* to controul him: this was echoed

G

by

by every man, from the top to the bottom of the table; and the tumult became so noisy, that in rushed a whole body of Amazons; who, thinking their beloved spouses had enjoyed their liberty and their jollity long enough, had come, as if by consent, to the hotel, and each of them seizing upon her *lord* and *master*, dragged him off in triumph, and dispersed the assembly.

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ON THE  
MORAL CHARACTERS  
OF  
THEOPHRASTUS.

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**T**HEOPHRASTUS's Moral Characters, mutilated as they are come down to us, are some of the most curious remains of antiquity. Having been written two thousand years since, they are a proof that human nature was always the same; and that the same degree of civilization will produce the same state of manners, the same vices and follies, in every age and in every country. Diffimulation and flattery, impertinence and impudence, are the growth of every climate. The newsmonger of Theophrastus is to be met with in our metropolis, and in almost every provincial town; but the peculiar prevalence of this character at Athens, where the author represents them as spending their whole time in the porticos, and other places of publick resort, confirms St. Paul's account of the Athenians in

G 2

his

his time; "that they employed themselves in nothing "but in hearing and telling some new thing." So intent were these politicians, on getting a crowd about them in the publick baths,\* to communicate their intelligence; that "their clothes were frequently stolen from them by sharpers;" and, while they were taking towns and gaining victories, they were probably at a loss for a dinner.

Some of these characters, however, are not sufficiently discriminated, but might have been ranged under the same heads; as, those upon flattery and *wheeling*, (as an old translation calls it) those upon garrulity and loquacity, and some few others.

As I have observed in many instances, where the idiom of the Greek language approaches nearer to the English than the Latin or any other of the dead language, a translation nearly literal might best express the sense of the original, I have attempted one or two characters, to satisfy the curiosity of the mere English reader.

ON

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\* Like our Coffee-houses.

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ON

## GARRULITY.

GARRULITY is a propensity to be prating incessantly on uninteresting subjects. A garrulous man, or prating fellow, is one who, if he happens to sit next to a mere stranger, begins with an encomium on his own wife. He then entertains him with the particulars of his last night's dream: he next recounts every dish that he had for dinner the preceding day. In the progress of his volubility, he observes how much more wicked men are in this age than in the former: that corn was very cheap in the market to-day; and that there are a great number of strangers in town: that soon after the feast of Bacchus,\* the ships might safely put to sea: that if it pleased God to send some rain, the fruits of the earth would come on finely: that he intends to plough up his fallow field next year; but that the times are hard, and that it is difficult for a man to live in the world.

He then tells you, that Damippus exhibited the largest torch at the mysteries of Ceres; and informs you the exact number of the columns in the theatre built

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\* The greater Bacchanalian festival, celebrated in spring.

built by Pericles. I took an emetick yesterday, he says; and pray what day of the month is it to-day?\*

In short, if you have patience to listen to him, you will never get rid of him; but if you would avoid a fever, make your escape from such fellows with all possible speed, for there is no bearing with people, who have not sense to distinguish between seasons of business and of leisure.

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## *Of* DISTRUST;

OR,

## A SUSPICIOUS TEMPER.

THIS suspicious temper inclines us to suspect every one of an intention to impose upon us. A man of this temper, if he sends his servant to market to buy provisions, will dispatch another servant, to enquire how much he paid for them. If he travels with a sum of money in his pocket, he will stop every half mile to reckon how much it is. As he lies in bed, he asks his wife

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\* He alludes to several other festivals, and exemplifies St. Paul's opinion of them. "Ye men of Athens! I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious."

wife whether she has shut the great chest, and locked the trunk carefully; and whether the bar was put to the outward-door? And, though she assures him that all is safe, he nevertheless will leap out of his bed, and without his cloaths, and bare-footed, light a lamp, and go all round the house, and examine every particular; and even then can hardly compose himself to sleep.

When he goes to receive the interest of those who owe him money, he takes witnesses with him, that they may not deny the debt for the future: if he sends his coat to be scoured, he never enquires for the most skillful workman, but one that will give him the best security for returning it again: if a neighbour comes to borrow some drinking *glasses*\* of him, he is very unwilling to lend them; or if he does, he is never at rest till he has got them returned: he bids his slave that attends him walk in his sight before him, to prevent his running away: if a gentleman buys any thing of him, and bids him place it to his account; "No, sir, please to lay down the money, for I shall not be at leisure to send after it."

OF

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\* *Εκπρωματα.*

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OF

## UNPLEASANT MANNERS;

OR,

## TROUBLESOME FELLOWS.

THIS is a kind of intercourse, though not absolutely injurious, yet extremely irksome and fatiguing. A troublesome fellow is one who will go into your chamber, when you are just fallen to sleep, and awake you, merely to have some idle conversation with him. And when a friend is going a voyage, and just ready to set sail, he will go to him, and beg him to stay till they have taken a little walk together. He will take a child from its nurse, chew some meat and feed it, dandle it in his arms, and talk nonsense to it; and, in the midst of dinner, tells you that he took a dose of hellebore, which operated powerfully upward and downwards;\* and that after taking a little broth, he voided a great deal of black bile. He *frequently asks*† his mother before company, what day she brought him into the world? He tells you what fine cool water he has in his cistern; and that his garden produces great plenty of

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\* ἀνω καὶ κάτω. † Δεινός, a terrible fellow.

of excellent and tender cabbages; and that his house is as open to all strangers, as an inn upon the road; and when he has company, he introduces his parasite as a facetious fellow, and during the entertainment, bids him exert himself and divert the company."

As the manners of the Athenians, at this period, were highly polished, Theophrastus must have taken many of these characters from the lower circles: he was turned of ninety (it is supposed) when he wrote them: he was the scholar and successor of Aristotle, in his school. Menander availed himself of these characters.

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METRO-MANIA;  
OR,  
ON A RAGE FOR RHYMING.

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“ The gravest bird that wings the sky,  
“ His talents at a *song* will try.”

ANONYM. (See the title-page.)

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**I**N every civilized (and perhaps uncivilized) nation of the world, there has sprung up once in an age, suppose, some exalted genius; who, conscious of his own powers, has professed himself a *priest* of the Muses;\* devoted himself to their service, boldly laid claim to their inspiration, and has been universally honoured with the respectable name of *poet*; such were Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Milton, and some few others.

There have likewise been, in every age, men of parts; who, making poetry their chief study, without aspiring to the summit of Parnassus, have entertained and instructed

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\* Musarum Sacerdos. HOR.



structed mankind, by their didactick and moral poems; such as Hesiod, Horace, Boileau, Dryden, Pope, and many others of that character. But there have been many more, particularly in our own country, who, mistaking a strong inclination for *genius*, have unhappily paid their court to the muses: but, sensible at length of their own mediocrity of talents, have thought it necessary to make apologies for indulging so idle a propensity; yet, by a strange infatuation, persevere in a practice which they affect to condemn.

Indeed, from what I have, even from my childhood, experienced in myself and observed in others; in the most illiterate as well as those of the most improved understandings; this propensity seems so general, that I am almost inclined to pronounce man “a *rhyming*, as well as a *reasoning* animal.” The rude efforts of the untaught multitude tend to prove, and the occasional effusions of more enlightened minds, to confirm, the justness of this definition. The chief difference between a man of sense, and a coxcomb, in this respect, seems to consist in the extent of their indulgence in this frivolous occupation. A man whose imagination prevails over his judgment, is apt to make rhyming his serious employment; while a sensible man makes it the amusement only of a leisure hour, and never suffers it to interfere with his more important pursuits.

Yet,

Yet, though we justly ridicule a mere rhymers, we may be thankful that we have been preserved from a contagion, with which more or less, as I observed, some of the wisest men in all ages have been infected: philosophers, statesmen, lawyers, and divines, have occasionally felt symptoms of this epidemical disease.

We need not have recourse to the remoter periods of Greece or Rome, to the examples of Solon, Plato, and even the wise Socrates: to those of Scipio, Lælius, and Cicero: in a later æra, the amiable Pliny the consul; who, besides his high office, had so many more useful accomplishments to value himself upon, speaks with much self-complacency of a volume of hendecasyllables, which he had published, and which some Greeks, then residing at Rome, had set to music: though, if he has given us a fair specimen of them, they were as bad as Tully's well-known jingle:

“ O! *fortunatam natam*, me Consule Roman!\*

“ How *happy happened* Rome to be,

“ Blest with a Consul thus like me!”

\* Though Tully has been ridiculed for that (probably) extempore line; some people have thought, that, if he had cultivated his taste for poetry, he would have made no bad figure in that branch. His poem on his countryman C. Marius was much admired by Atticus and other good judges. A middling orator might probably make a tolerable poet; but he had better exercise his lungs as an auctioneer, than in spouting his own heroics.

But our own country and more modern times, will furnish us with sufficient instances of the fascinating charms of metre.

Amongst the illiterate we may reckon John Bunyan; who, not contented with having produced his universally admired, original work of the Pilgrim's Progress, has exhibited his talent at rhyming, in a preface of five pages:

“ Some said, John, print it; others said not so!

“ Some said, it might do good; others said no!”

In the same rank of literature, though of much superior poetical abilities, our own times supply us with examples without number.

But in the most highly cultivated understandings, this barren weed has occasionally sprung up in the midst of more valuable productions.

Not to mention our Bolingbrokes, our Pulteneys, our Chesterfields, and Nugents, and many others;\* there is hardly a great man now living, but has in his youth, and perhaps in the zenith of his power and importance, sported with the Muses. Archbishops and bishops,

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\* See Dodley's *Miscellanies*, passim.

bishops, statesmen and lawyers; who have figured in the ministry, or presided in the courts of judicature; many of whom, if it were decent or necessary, I could readily enumerate.\*

These reflections were suggested by reading the late philosophical Dr. Berkenhout's letters to his son; in which, after some severe reflections on our publick schools and universities, (which however, by the way, the good Doctor shews to be undeserved) and in the midst of a most serious lecture on his son's moral and religious conduct, the Doctor concludes with inviting him to dinner, in a long epistle in rhyme, with the alliteration in which the reader will be diverted:

“ To† *Trumpington tramping*, to dine with the Doctor,  
 “ Which sure you may do, without fear of the Proctor, &c.  
 But

\* Sir W. Bl-kstone, notwithstanding the “ Lawyer's farewell to his Muse,” (see Doddsley's *Mis.*) could not forbear now and then some little dalliance with the enchanting nymph, when his admirable Commentaries had established his fame, and secured him universal applause.

† The Doctor lived in Mr. Anstey's house at Trumpington, near Cambridge; whom he compliments as the author of “ *The Bath Guide*,” but forgets that his poetical is not the only valuable part of that gentleman's character.

But I do not produce these respectable examples, as an adequate excuse for my own offences in the same kind: nor is it a sufficient plea, that because a right reverend, or a right honourable personage, has in his youth written a few *good* verses, I should, in my old age, be scribbling so many bad ones. The only useful inference which I can draw from the premises, is to caution young people from indulging so unprofitable a pursuit; as an habit of rhyming, like any other habit, as drunkenness or fornication for instance, increases by indulgence; and though it may not bring us to the pillory, it will first or last, it is to be feared, bring us to shame. Indeed, if as Swift observes this tendency to rhyming be a morbid secretion from the brain, it may be as dangerous to check the humour too suddenly, as to stop up a defluxion or cold in the head by violent medicines; but let us at least attend to what Epeëtus says of those that tell their dreams; which is applicable to those who write verses: “Never tell thy dreams, says that philosopher; for though thou mayst take a pleasure in *telling* them, another will take no pleasure in *hearing* them!”

“Nec luisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.” HOR.

“Blush not in youth, to sport in rhyme,

“But pray, my friend, leave off in time.” ANONYM.

## P O S T C R I P T.

THIS Metro-mania is not peculiar to our own times or our own country: the learned Jesuit Strada made the same complaint, in the 16th century, at Rome.

“ Nullus hodiè mortaliùm aut nascitur aut moritur; aut præliatur aut ruficatur; aut peregrè abit aut redit; aut *nubit*; aut est, aut non est; (nam etiam mortuis isti canunt) cui illi non extemplò cudant epicedia, genethiaca; protreptica panegyrica; epithalamia, vaticinia; *propemptica*,\* foterica; paræpetica; nœnias, nugas.—Prolus. Academ.

“ No mortal in this age is either born or dies; or *marries*; or goes to war, or goes into the country; or goes abroad, or returns home; or in short, either exists or does not exist; (for even to the dead they sing) for whom these rhymers do not immediately compose their birth-day odes; their elegies; their *epithalamiums*; their admonitory, and exhortatory, their panegyrical and prophetical rhymes; their congratulations and funeral songs; and trifles of every denomination.”

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\* Complimentary wishes to a friend on his journey—we have no English word to express it.

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PART II.

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POETICAL:

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CONSISTING OF

A NEW TRANSLATION

OF

*Holdsworth's Muscipula,*

AND

ORIGINAL PIECES.







## P R E F A C E.

**M**R. HOLDSWORTH's *Muscipula*, though so exquisite a piece of humour in the original, yet depends so much on the ingenious application of expressions from the Classicks, that no translation can do it justice. Dr. HOADLY's, in blank verse, gives the sense, but not the least idea of the spirit and force of the original. Whether the following attempt will have better success, it is impossible for me to judge. A man may please himself in humming a tune, yet afford no pleasure to his company.

As I am myself a Welchman by my mother's side, and am possessed of a pedigree of the *Morgans'* family five yards long; and can prove my descent from a knight of King Arthur's round table; no one I trust, will suspect me of any disrespectful intention, towards that ancient race of Britons, in an attempt to make the *Muscipula* more extensively known.

General reflections on bodies of men, on nations, or professions, are universally condemned. But as for common-  
 H 2

Cadwallader's Pedigree in some parts. I know it is a  
 have seen when a Boy when speaking of his Pedigree, says being a red, as  
 the location, immediately he himself says & before the Creation  
 Family of the side when a man is born  
 Juvenal in his  
 Latin. Person  
 qui's person  
 is a excellent  
 common- cure for it

common-place jokes, a sensible man will join perhaps in the laugh, if the wit deserve it; yet, with a conscious superiority, will pity the absurd prejudices of those that adopt them; who, however, are seldom actuated by any worse passion than an ambition of being witty upon the most easy terms.

*N. B.* I have omitted a few lines, which describe the structure of the mouse-trap: which, though expressed in elegant Latin, would make no figure in English; and, if the reader has *never seen* a mouse-trap, he would have but a faint idea of it, from a poetical description.

*where then is the  
use of Poetry? 2. to  
keep the Poor Poet*





## THE MUSCIPULA

OF

MR. HOLDSWORTH.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

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**T**HAT British Mountaineer, whose shrewd device  
First forg'd coercive bonds for pilfering mice;\*  
Th' insidious Trap's inextricable fate,  
And all its various wiles, oh Muse, relate!  
And thou, great *Sminthian*† Phœbus, aid my song:  
To thee, dread foe to mice! these lays belong,  
And, from the Cambrian mountains, deign to chuse  
Another *Pindus*; while th' adventurous muse

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\* *Monticolam Britonem, qui primus vincula muri  
Finxit, et ingenioso occlusit carcere murem,  
Lethalesque dolos et inextricabilia fatum,  
Musa refer ————— &c.*

† So called from his destroying the mice, that infested that  
part of Phrygia. HOM.

Delights to sport in tragi-comic verse,  
And fam'd exploits in humble strains rehearse.

Hostile to man, the mouse, who long had reign'd,  
By fear unaw'd, by danger unrestrain'd;  
Inur'd to rapine, his clandestine trade  
Dauntless pursued, and direful havock made;  
In every luscious dish he dipt his nose,  
Skipt to and fro, and sported with his foes.  
Nor doors, nor bolts, his ravages restrain,  
Strong walls and pye-crust were oppos'd in vain;  
A foe domestick, an unbidden guest,  
The little thief intrudes at every feast.  
He ate his way, where entrance was denied;  
With unbought dainties by his tooth supplied.  
But, while throughout the globe this pest prevail'd,  
CAMBRIA with ten-fold grief his thefts bewail'd.  
She in her bowels nurs'd the dire disease,  
For Cambria daily smelt of toasted cheese.  
And, not content to nibble, many a mouse  
Had here scoop'd out a comfortable house;  
Here dwelt and batten'd, and securely slept,  
And undisturb'd, his lawless revels kept.

With indignation fir'd, the Cambrian race  
Ran wildly o'er their hills, from place to place:  
While various stratagems their thoughts engage,  
They fret, they storm, their bosoms burn with rage:

For Cambria's sons are ever prone to ire:  
You'd swear, their souls,\* with sulphur ting'd, took fire.

As rage suggested, 'tis at length decreed,  
Just vengeance must take place—the foe must bleed;  
But how, or when? What project, who can find;  
What wily snare, this cautious thief can bind?  
Devoted Wales! The cat, though much thy friend,  
Thy cheese, alas! no longer can defend:  
Before the cavern's mouth, though night and day,  
With look demure, she watches for her prey;  
With silent foot or, creeping, to surprise  
The little caitiff: he for refuge flies  
And sits securely in his winding dome,  
Where cats of portly bulk can never come:  
Nor dares peep out, or new excursions try,  
While murderous foes in treacherous ambush lie.

*Smollet in his  
Rev. Ransom makes  
Morgan passionate  
but does not hint  
with sulphur, for  
fear of letting fire  
to his own house  
Morgan tho'  
passionate is  
an amiable  
character*

✕ Thus, when great Julius had the world subdued,  
And through the British isle his foes pursued;  
The Welch, if mice with Welchmen may compare,  
Amidst their rocks escaped the shocks of war;  
Safe in their native bulwarks, they defy'd  
The arms of Cæsar and the Roman pride,

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• — Credas animos quoque sulphure tinctos.

That "quoque" is scurrilous; insinuating that the Welch use  
brimstone for some secret complaint.

*+ this compliment will operate as  
a atonement for the scurrility of the author*

Bravely they *fled* the well disputed field;  
Despair'd to conquer—yet disdain'd to yield:  
Hence his long pedigree the Cambrian boasts,  
Primæval language, and unconquer'd hosts.

When thus the mouse had long escaped the paw  
Of fierce grimalkin; and the Cambrian saw  
No hopes of succour from his old ally,  
More vigorous measures 'tis resolv'd to try.

Where old Menevia,\* on the distant shore,  
Laments her ancient grandeur now no more,  
Her walls demolish'd, and her mitre wrong'd,  
A council is conven'd; when thither throng'd  
Of aged fires, and of Patricians proud,  
And, steam'd with sulphur, *an ignoble crowd.* *Non satirical*  
An ancient sage, whose patriarchal beard, *Let's P.P. i. b.*  
By goats was envied—as by men rever'd, *either if not equal*  
Inveterate scurf incrusts his face and hands, *poetically*  
Conspicuous, 'midst the full assembly stands.

A *post* there was; and now, infirm with age,  
Against the well-scrub'd *post* reclin'd the sage;  
And thus began:—deep from his aged throat,  
With throttling sound burst forth the gutt'ral note.  
" 'Tis not for open war, that here we meet,  
" But of a secret, pilfering foe, to treat:

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\* Now St. David's.

*shamefully & scurvilow scratching his head*  
*in have been equally picturesque in a blacksmith*

" 'Tis not his strength or courage that we feel;  
 " He comes not boldly here to rob—but steal.  
 " No foreign enemy infects the land;  
 " But a more dangerous *inmate* we withstand.  
 " How long, ye gods! stall this audacious mouse,  
 " Still domineer, and pillage every house?  
 " But you, ye fathers, to whose guardian cares,  
 " Cambria looks up, in her distress'd affairs;  
 " Your sage decrees our sufferings must redress,  
 " And future ages shall your councils bless.  
 " Your patriot acts posterity proclaim,  
 " And join with great Cadwallader's *your* name."

He spake; and, rais'd to the assembly's view,  
 Some mouldy fragments 'midst the rabble threw,  
 The relics of base theft: the sight of these  
 Fir'd the brave Cambrians for their plunder'd cheese.  
 Now thirst of vengeance, now the lust of praise,  
 Ambitious thoughts in every bosom raise,  
 Unheard-of fates for mice each wight prepares,  
 Each head contrives inextricable snares.

Above the rest, illustrious by his name,  
 But more by wit distinguish'd than by fame,  
 TAFFY, the glory of the Cambrian race,  
 Whose acts, unrivall'd, British annals grace:  
 The same a senator and blacksmith too;  
 Could make a florid speech—or make a shoe.

He thus began; "If mice our cheefe devour,  
 " Robb'd of their whole repast they starve the poor;  
 " Nor will the rich behold, without remorse,  
 " The want of cheefe to crown their second course.  
 " Since then nor cats nor courage aught avail,  
 " To quell this monster since all efforts fail;  
 " The deep, mechanick powers shall now be tried:  
 " What *strength* denies, by *art* shall be supplied.  
 " If force or fraud the enemy subdues,  
 " Who will enquire, what stratagems we use?"

Charm'd with his vaunting speech, the list'ning throng  
 With fix'd attention on his accents hung:  
 They humm'd applause, with cheerful hopes inspir'd;  
 But eager more to learn, their souls were fir'd,  
 And round the chief with wishful looks they stand,  
 And the whole process of his scheme demand.  
 He scratch'd his head, for Cambrians wont to scratch,  
 Then thus proceeds the business to dispatch;  
 But grinn'd a ghastly smile before he spoke,  
 And from his unlock'd jaws\* these accents broke:  
 " Last night, reposing from the toils of day,  
 " While stretch'd at ease, with wearied limbs, I lay,  
 " With sleep profound my heavy eyes oppress'd,  
 " And all my faculties funk down to rest;

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\* "Ora resolvens talia verba refert."



" By steams of cheefe, yet unconcocted, led,  
 " On which that night, as usual, I had fed;  
 " Close to my lips a mouse the flavour draws,  
 " Who boldly enters my distended jaws;  
 " Thence sliding down my throat, the thief, alas!  
 " By stealth crept through the ill-defended pass.  
 " My last night's supper he attempts to eat,  
 " And with crude lumps of cheefe again retreat:  
 " Rous'd from my sleep, within my teeth I snapp'd,  
 " And in close bonds the struggling thief entrapp'd.  
 " Indignant, his escape he tries in vain,  
 " Held in close durance by the biting chain.  
 " Thus, by experience taught, with joy I found  
 " That mice, like men, in fetters might be bound;  
 " And, as my teeth the captive mouse had press'd,  
 " Some new machine, like that, my thoughts suggest.  
 " Close meditation shall my scheme befriend;  
 " And, by my skill, shall our misfortunes end.

" By what mysterious laws, what secret chain  
 " Of causes strange, does heav'n the world sustain!  
 " The mouse himself an antidote has taught  
 " To all the mischiefs which himself has wrought.  
 " Nor would you sure, to learn from foes, disdain,  
 " Nor useful knowledge ev'n from mice to gain."

Thus spake the chief: and to his home withdrew,  
 The crowd applaud him, and with prayers pursue

The flattering aspect of his counsels blest,  
And with his toils their merited success.

Then to their houses all with speed retire,  
And tell of these glad tidings round their fire;  
What blessings were by Taffy's hands decreed:  
And while with heaven their vows for Taffy plead;  
The cats, prophetic of blest times to come,  
With glee unusual sported round the room:  
Nay, if 'tis true, as it recorded stands,  
The cheese-curds danc'd beneath the matron's hands.

Taffy, meanwhile, who soft repose denies,  
To head or hand his useful labour plies:  
By Pallas, in each curious science skill'd,  
With art divine the mouse-trap taught to build;  
In form complete, as yet to mortals new,  
The tragi-comic structure rose to view!\*

Thus all things finish'd Taffy, now prepares  
For hapless mice inevitable snares.  
The fatal hook suspends the treacherous bait,  
And ev'n their food by Taffy's arm'd with fate.  
To tempt more widely and to charm the more,  
He adds new strength to cheese—so strong before:

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\* The process of making a mouse-trap here omitted.

For still to make the attractive flavour higher,  
He toasts the savoury morsel at the fire.

And now approach'd the memorable night,  
(His work complete) when Taffy with delight  
His weary limbs was solacing in bed;  
His trusty mouse-trap station'd at his head,  
Sweet sleep indulg'd. The mice, a saucy crew,  
Leap forth, as usual, and their pranks renew.  
But while they sport beneath night's silent shade,  
One more sagacious, mindful of his trade;  
A mouse of rank; but, born the gods his foes,  
Drawn by the grateful scent that reach'd his nose;  
To th' hostile trap, in evil hour, he hies,  
When lo! admission the close grate denies.  
Provok'd at this repulse, with rage he burns;  
The wir'd machine on every side by turns  
With wrinkled nose explores—and with much pains  
Th' irremediable pass at length he gains.  
The thoughtless mouse devours the deadly bait,  
“ Feasts on his ruin, and enjoys his fate.”

Rous'd by the noise; which, near his pillow laid,  
The trap, by dropping of its portal made;  
Prop'd on his elbow, Taffy rais'd his head,  
Then leap'd with joy triumphant from his bed,  
Eager to learn what guest approach'd his house;  
When lo! appears the little angry mouse.

With head, with foot, he fights, and vents his rage,  
And, with fell tooth attacks the wiry cage.  
Thus rages in his toils, and strives in vain,  
The Marrian boar to break his hempen chain,  
The waving net his effort cloſer draws,  
Sport to the dogs he raves, and from his jaws  
The plenteous foam he daſhes on the ſand,  
While on his back erect the briſtles ſtand.

Now roſe the morn:—The joyful news to hear  
Down from their rocks th' impatient crowds appear.  
For lo! the aſſ, or ancient bards have lied,  
His gravity and ſloth now laid aſide,  
The mountain climbs, more nimble than a goat,  
And like an herald, from his ruſty throat,  
Thee, Taffy, thrice with honour due he names,  
And braying thrice the publick joy proclaims.

} 1002. Æneid  
Capandria

The owl, the Cambrian envoy, too, 'tis ſaid,  
Through all her towns the fatal news convey'd.  
All night ſhe wanders;—and with mournful ſhriek  
Againſt their windows daſh'd her ominous beak,  
And through each ſtreet proclaim'd to every houſe,  
The fates impending o'er the hapleſs mouſe.  
“The mountains\* now in labour” from their ſides,  
Their ſons in crowds, deſcend like ruſhing tides:

} 2 Æneid  
Capandria

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\* See the 7th book of the Æneid, 640, for this and many of the imitations.

From Pembroke and Mervinia\* many a clown,  
 From craggy hills, elate with joy, ran down:  
 And Bangor's sons, whose brow the mitre cown'd;  
 And, through the world for Merlin's birth renown'd,  
 Old Maridunum:† whom thy fertile vale,  
 Glamorgan feeds: or who, on cheefe regale,  
 And Vaga's‡ waters drink, romantick stream!  
 With sturdy fwains that from Montgomery came.

Then Taffy thus, furrounded by the crowd,  
 His captive foe insults, with accents proud:  
 " 'Tis vain to struggle, thief! thy doom's decreed;  
 " That thou, first victim! on my altar bleed.  
 " Dream not of flight; for know, thy hope is vain;  
 " Mark of thy guilt, thy blood this trap shall stain.  
 " Whoe'er its entrance tempts with evil stars,  
 " Shall ne'er repass th' inexorable bars:  
 " Thou for thy wicked deeds, nor hope reprieve,  
 " Thy prison and thy life at once shalt leave."  
 Scarce had he spoke; when lo! th' insidious cat  
 Leap'd from the cottage-thatch, where oft she sat  
 Luxurious basking in the sunny ray—  
 With limbs extended, all a summer's day.

The captive spied his foe; his prick'd-up ears,  
 And gibbous, bristling back, express'd his fears.

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\* Merioneth. † Carmarthen. ‡ The Wye.

He watch'd the cat's approach; and now no more  
 Attempts, though open, the suspended door.  
 Back to the prison's utmost bound he flies,  
 Which all his hopes of safety now supplies:  
 With hooked claws he grasps his wiry chains,  
 And with tenacious feet a while remains;  
 Thence shaken off, he drops, prepar'd for flight,  
 When now the cat, more rapid than the light,  
 Flies on her prey: whom struggling to get free,  
 Her close embraces hug; which ill agree  
 With her fell purpose: for with savage art,  
 And cruel sport, the tyrant plays her part:  
 No respite grants; her sinuous tail she plies,  
 Expressive of her joy; now prone she lies,  
 Watching the mouse intent: with harmless claw  
 She strokes his neck, or pats him with her paw;  
 With wanton fallies then aloft she springs,  
 While to the earth the trembling victim clings:  
 Eager to tear him, with feign'd love she courts,  
 And with her prey tyrannically sports.

With trifling tir'd, impatient of delay,  
 Grimalkin whets her tusks; and o'er her prey,  
 Like a young lion growls: then, dropping gore,  
 His quivering limbs and breathing entrails tore.  
 The caitiff's blood, when now the rusticks ken'd,  
 With joyful shouts the ambient air they rend:

Echo, that dwells in Cambria's close retreats,  
Well pleas'd herself the joyful shouts repeats;  
The shouts ascend Plinlimmon's lofty height,  
Brechin and Snowdon in th' applause unite.  
The neighbouring stars, and Cambria's utmost bounds,  
And \*Offa's dyke, with clamorous joy resounds.

But, Taffy, thou for ages shalt survive,  
Thy Trap preserve thy glorious name alive;  
Ev'n now the Cambrian, each revolving year,  
Thy merit celebrates with rural cheer,  
Of Cambria's honour sav'd with rapture speaks,  
And decks his festive brow with fragrant leeks.

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• If this be an anti-climax—the original is accountable for it.

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**ORIGINAL PIECES.**

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### ADVERTISEMENT.

*MANY* of the following Rhymes were intended to express the Author's sense of unmerited civilities, for which it was not in his power to make any other return: if the reader should chuse to impute them to adulation or vanity, instead of gratitude, the author can only say, that he is not conscious of any such motives.

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THE  
LAMENTATION  
OF AN  
INVETERATE RHYMER.

---

IN Life's campaign, amidst the battle's rage,  
Where fevers, palsies, gouts, and—quacks, engage;  
When I, a puny mortal! still remain,  
While thousands fall around me on the plain;  
Have almost brav'd it threescore years and ten,  
The age allotted to the sons of men:  
When anxious thus I wait heaven's awful doom,  
Stand trembling o'er the horrors of the tomb;  
Shall I the moments waste, instead of pray'r,  
In jingling rhymes and carolling the fair?  
Forgetting, I no longer am a boy,  
Shall *childish* bawbles still the *man* employ?  
What penance for such trifling can atone?  
I feel, and, ah! with shame my folly own.  
But some strange charm by turns my bosom fires,  
Or friendship's call with vanity conspires;

Some smiling nymph enjoins her rhyming talks:  
 Some friend an epilogue or prologue asks;  
 And, though I vow and promise, o'er and o'er,  
 To grow more serious and transgress no more;  
 I find my strongest resolutions vain:  
 I write, repent, resolve, and write again.

But, since such rhymes demand no vig'rous powers,  
 And just amuse the idlest of my hours;  
 When rules of health due exercise require,  
 Or rains confine me to my parlour fire;  
 When deaf my ears, and eyes refreshment need,  
 Debarr'd sweet converse, and forbid to read;  
 From serious business, from intrusion free,  
 (Though age and youthful frolics ill agree)  
 Then fancy, leagu'd with custom, still invades,  
 And tempts to wanton with th' Aonian maids;  
 Forgot awhile life's more important cares,  
 Again I'm caught in their seducing snares.

With gloom oppress'd, whene'er the restless mind  
 Attempts in sprightlier scenes relief to find;  
 When airy visions thus my thoughts engage,  
 I feel no more th' infirmities of age;  
 Dispell'd by momentary gleams of joy,  
 Nor anxious fears nor fancied ills annoy:  
 Imagination youthful days renews,  
 And gilds with orient beams life's evening views.

Yet though these toys at intervals intrude,  
 They ne'er due thoughts of future hopes exclude.  
 Awhile I listen to these sportive strains;  
 But reason still, I trust, my sovereign reigns.  
 Though in my breast amusement claims its part,  
 I'm yet "a sad, good Christian at the heart:"  
 To virtue and to piety a friend,  
 Sing on the road—yet mindful of its end.

1786.



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PHILOKALUS;

OR,

A PLEA FOR

UNSEASONABLE GALLANTRY.

---

OFT' by the ladies I am told,  
(What long I've known) that I grow old;  
And ought not thus, at sixty-six,  
With giddy, giggling girls to mix:  
That ev'n my compliments but ~~tease~~ them,  
Though vainly I attempt to please them.

But, Chloe, not to make you proud,  
The gilding of yon evening cloud,  
Or lustre of the orient sun,  
Has oft your brilliant charms outshone.  
And, lo! where'er I turn my eyes,  
Enchanting objects round me rise:  
All which were made for our delight;  
And which it were a sin to flight.

If beauties of inferior kind,  
Thus charm, to your's can I be blind.

Know then, I love each living creature!  
Each pleasing form of art or nature:  
Ev'n lifeless things enamour'd view,  
(Not with that fondness I do you)  
I love a well-proportion'd column;  
A well-carv'd bust; a well-bound volume:  
Each master-piece of every art  
Claims a due portion in my heart:  
Nay more, from charms which all admire,  
My thoughts to heaven itself aspire;  
Smit with *your* beauties, lovely maid!  
I still want such—as ne'er will fade.  
Amidst my cramps and other strange ills,  
I am eager to converse with angels;  
Such angels, as great Milton drew,  
More friendly—not more fair—than you.

With love extensive I embrace  
The feather'd or unfeather'd race;  
A peacock I have often seen  
More charming than Burke's\* captive Queen.

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\* Queen of France, whose person Mr. Burke speaks of with  
deserved enthusiasm.

With rapture I behold a lamb . .  
 Sporting around its anxious dam:  
 Nay, such my love for harmless creatures,  
 That you yourself, with those fine features,  
 With gauze your neck, with plumes your head dress,  
 Are rivall'd by a Robin-red-breast.

To call it *love* indeed's the fashion;  
 Though oft with me 'tis pure compassion:  
 'Tis *pity* for their helpless state,  
 That not a reptile I can hate;  
 But, as with pleasure I behold  
 The insect, streak'd with mimic gold,  
 I, as my fellow-creature, greet  
 The snail, that crawls beneath my feet.

Thus, Chloe, ev'n my love for you  
 Has nothing selfish in its view:  
 I love each rural nymph I see;  
 But don't expect them to love me.  
 For you, with youthful ardour burn;  
 But dare not hope for a return:  
 No: trouble not your head about me,  
 But do not ridicule and flout me.

I love my spaniel and my pointer,  
 More than fair ——— or her jointure;



Though do not wish them to requite me,  
But only—not to snarl, or bite me.

Ah! do not therefore call me fool,  
Nor send me to Moorfields\* to school,  
Because I fondly gaze on you,  
As every mortal man must do,  
With admiration and delight,  
Who is not void of taste—or sight.

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\* Bedlam.

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DO YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

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THE LARK

AND

HER YOUNG ONES.

A FABLE,

*From A. GELLIUS.*

X

NE QUID AB AMICO EXPECTES QUOD TUTE AGERE POSSIS.

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WHEN autumn now had deck'd the plain  
 With waving crops of golden grain,  
 To crown the anxious farmer's care,  
 And for their harvest all prepare:  
 A Lark had left her infant brood,  
 To range the fields in quest of food;  
 But charg'd them, as conceal'd they lay,  
 (If chance the farmer came that way)  
 To listen what they heard him mention,  
 That might discover his intention,

*a man should always be at his own  
 beard shaving is the vulgar proverb*

How soon he meant to cut his wheat,  
 That they might thence in time retreat.  
 Having her caution thus express'd,  
 She left them cuddling in their nest—  
 But, when return'd, in wild affright  
 They begg'd her to remove that night:  
 For that the farmer told his son,  
 'Twas time their harvest was begun;  
 And that he'd call his *neighbours* in,  
 And the next morning would begin.

If that be all, the mother said,  
 We need not yet be much afraid:  
 He that depends upon his neighbour,  
 Will find him sparing of his labour.  
 People are slow to serve their friends,  
 Unless it answers their own ends.

The lark next morning does the same,  
 Again the careful farmer came;  
 And, since his *neighbours* thus had us'd him,  
 And so unhandfomely refus'd him;  
 Piqu'd as he was, he bids his son  
 Ride o'er and ask his uncle John,  
 And cousin George, and cousin Tom:  
 For they, he said, would gladly come.

The young ones now inform'd the mother,  
 The farmer had engag'd his *brother*;

And had resolv'd, without delay,  
To cut his corn the following day.

The mother bade them *yet* not fear:  
" Relations, should they be sincere,  
Have seldom been so punctual known  
In others' business, as their own."

Accordingly, their loving cousins  
Found out excuses by the dozens:  
The uncle was not very well,  
And when he should be, could not tell.  
Their cousin George he could not spare;  
And Tom was gone to Banbury fair.  
Yet, he was sorry to refuse him;  
But hoped his brother would excuse him.

\* good Idea  
Banbury  
story —

The farmer, now reduced to straights,  
No longer for assistance waits;  
More disappointments would not bear,  
But bids his son two hooks prepare;  
And they themselves, the following morn,  
Would certainly cut down their corn.

When this the trembling inmates hear,  
They seriously began to fear  
Their threats would now effectual prove,  
And instantly prepar'd to move.

He that on neighbours or on friends  
To do his work too much depends,  
In spite of compliments repeated,  
Will find his hopes too oft defeated.  
If you would have your business done—  
“Rely upon yourself alone,” X

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— *nec te quesieris extra-hers-*



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CHOOSE  
FOR  
YOURSELF!

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**W**HATE'ER philosophers may chatter;  
 Who know but little of the matter;  
 The greatest comforts of our life,  
 Are a good horse—and a good wife:  
 One for domestick consolation,  
 And one for health and recreation.  
 Be cautious then, but not too nice;  
 Nor listen to each fool's advice:  
 Nor, guided by the publick voice,  
 But your own reason, make your choice.

My horse was old and broken-winded,  
 Yet this myself I hardly minded;  
 But by my neighbours I was told,  
 That when a horse grows stiff and old,  
 If urg'd to speed—'tis ten to one  
 He trips and throws his rider down.

I listen'd then to their advice,  
 And bought a colt—at no small price:  
 A stately steed, that on the road  
 Would proudly prance beneath his load.  
 But this Bucephalus, again,  
 Put my young family in pain;  
 Who cordially express'd their fears,  
 That I, a man advanced in years,  
 Regardless of my own *dear*\* neck,  
 Should undertake a colt to break.  
 You are too wise, dear sir, I know  
 To hazard thus your life for show;  
 Risk then no subject for remorse,  
 But part with this unruly horse!

I next a pony would have bought,  
 An useful scrub: but here 'twas thought  
 (Such is my son's and daughter's pride)  
 It was too mean for me to ride.  
 Dear sir! said they, it is not fit  
 For you to mount this paltry tit:  
 It were as well almost, alas!  
 To ride, like Balaam, on an ass.

Again, to various systems yielding,  
 I bought a strong, stout, stumping gelding:

K

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φίλον ἦτορ. Hom.

Assured he'd neither trip nor start;  
 Would carry me—or draw a cart.  
 But vain were all my irksome labours,  
 This clumsy beast quite *shock'd* my neighbours;  
 Who still would have me, as before,  
 At buying, try my hand once more.

One offer'd me a *pretty* mare,  
 Just bought, he said, at Bristol fair;  
 And then my landlord at the Bell  
 Had a young galloway to sell:  
 He'd travel fifty miles a-day—  
 “But try him, sir, before you pay.”  
 He would not willingly have sold him,  
 But somebody, he said, had told him,  
 How much, forsooth, I was distress'd!  
 And earnestly the matter press'd:  
 So, willing to do me a *favour*,  
 He wish'd, he said, that I might have her.  
 “Well, landlord, you're an *honest* man,  
 I'll please my neighbours if I can; *please my neighbours*  
 I'm not a judge, you know, myself, *thou vain romantic!*  
 I'll trust to you—here take the pelf—” *please thyself—*  
 The purchase made, I now grew wise—  
 Man John, said I, how are his eyes?  
 Oh! sir, not blind, you need not fear it,  
 I mean not yet—though very near it.



Thus then on every side *put to't*,  
 I vow'd at last, I'd walk on foot:  
 For 'tis in vain, alas! I find,  
 To think of pleasing all mankind.

'Tis thus in chusing of a horse;  
 In chusing of a wife—'tis worse.  
 Handsome or homely; young or old;  
 Chaste or unchaste; a wit; a scold;  
 Howe'er she proves, how vain your labour  
 To please each prying, busy neighbour!  
 Then please yourself; or else for life  
 Give up that useful thing—a wife.

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☞ *The following Jeu d'Esprit found its way lately into a morning paper, and was there said to have been written by Dr. Sam. Johnson, while at breakfast with a lady, to shew her the facility with which compositions of this kind might be produced. From the subject, this anecdote is not very probable; neither has Mrs. Piozzi, or Mr. Boswell, mentioned any thing like it.*

---

*Learn and* SUNDAY SCHOOLS. *which benefited the*  
*the industrious poor?*  
*Every Jackson has two hands*  
 A PASTORAL.

TOM AND NANCY.

WHEN now the sun had usher'd in the morn,  
 And glittering dew-drops hung on every thorn;  
 Beneath the shadow of a spreading beech,  
 Tom lean'd, and Nancy fate upon her breech.  
 Their bleating lambkins wander'd down the vale,  
 While Nancy listen'd to the shepherd's tale:  
 Their faithful dog lay sleeping by their side,  
 When Tom began, and Nancy thus replied.

TOM.

Believe me, Nancy, I'd a song indite  
 To chaunt thy praises, but—I cannot write.

NANCY.

With thee, dear Tom, I'll range the flowery mead;  
 But *write* no song; for ah!—I cannot read.

TOM.

Well, then: we'll love from day-light till 'tis dark,  
And leave such learning to the parish-clerk.

NANCY.

Or ev'n the parson's maid might do as well;  
For she's a *scholar*, and can write and spell.

TOM.

And thou can 'st knit and spin, and that is better;  
And I can work, tho' I don't know one letter.

NANCY.

Oh, Tom! that we had learnt (when we were young)  
Our *cat-i-kays*, our *prayers*, and *vulgar tongue*!

TOM.

Well, now each child may learn in Sunday Schools;  
And little John will make *us* look like fools.

NANCY.

God blefs 'Squire Raikes! who first these schools did  
found;  
To which our gentry now give many a pound.

TOM.

Now boys and girls are taught to read and sing,  
And say their prayers, and pray for church and king.

NANCY.

Now neat and clean the boys and girls we meet;  
Not running wild and ragged through the street.

TOM.

Then let us go to church, each Sunday night,  
And hear them sing *sol-fa* with all their might.

NANCY.

We'll go; and tho' I cannot sing the best,  
My voice, so shrill, shall squeak amongst the rest.

TOM.

But lo! our sheep quite out of sight are got,  
And now the mounting fun shines plaguy hot.

NANCY.

Then you drive up your flock; and I'll go home,  
And boil the pot, and spin till you are come.

*Exeunt.*



ON THE  
DEATH OF  
MR. HOWARD,  
THE PHILANTHROPIST.

---

BORN to relieve the mis'ries of mankind,  
 Insensible of toil, to danger blind;  
 Thro' distant realms, while How'rd with zeal pursues,  
 And executes his philanthropick views;  
 Boldly descends, when human sufferings call,  
 Where damps annoy or poisonous reptiles crawl;  
 His friends (nor less the friends of th' human race)  
 Thus check'd their colleague's rashness in the chace:  
 " Why eager thus unequal war to wage,  
 " Where pestilence and death resistless rage?  
 " Each captive wretch, and object of distress,  
 " Nay, duty pleads thy ardour to repress.  
 " Thy life, more precious than of lords or kings,  
 " Life, health, and happiness, to thousands brings.  
 " Be not too bold, attend discretion's call;  
 " Nor risk for *one* the life that's due to *all*.

Stranger to fear, all danger he defied:  
 With temperance arm'd, and Providence his guide.  
 But angels, charm'd such godlike acts to see,  
 Forgot awhile their guardian cares for thee.  
 Contagion then; whose powers had been suspended,  
 Resum'd its force, and, ah! thy work was ended:  
 Anxious for all, but for himself alone;  
 To save a stranger's\* life, he lost his own.  
 Oh! had he learnt the caution of a coward,  
 The world had still been happy in their Howard.

---

\* A young lady in a pestilential fever.

---



AN HERO IN HUMBLE LIFE.

---

A TRIBUTE TO

THE MEMORY OF

MR. THOMAS UNDERWOOD,

Who lost his Life to save a Fellow-servant from the Fire,  
at Cumberwell-house, Wilts, Dec. 8, 1790.

---

OF Heroes old, for slaughter'd foes renown'd;  
Of kings, for vanquish'd realms with laurels crown'd;  
Or patriots, in their country's cause who fell,  
Let Grecian bards, or Roman annals tell.  
To gain a victory Codrus *fought* his death,  
And Curtius in the gulph resign'd his breath:  
Illustrious be their acts, and just their fame,  
They gain'd—'twas what they fought—a deathless name.

Behold! a youth, untutor'd in the laws  
Of Glory's school, nor led by vain applause;



Yet, taught by mere humanity, exceeds  
 In solid glory all their boasted deeds ;  
 Escap'd from death, undaunted he returns,  
 While yet the fire in all its fury burns ;  
 With suppliant cries, for lo ! an helpless maid  
 Amidst the burning mansion sues for aid :  
 Boldly he rush'd, and sav'd her in his arms—  
 But ah ! another wretch his fears alarms.  
 In flames involv'd the trembling victim stands,  
 To heaven in wild despair she lifts her hands :  
 By pure compassion, not with glory fir'd,  
 Again he rush'd—but in th' attempt expir'd.  
 Ye angels ! o'er the deed who wond'ring stood,  
 Receive his spirit to your blest abode :  
 Ye British dames, protect the pregnant\* wife,  
 For in *your* cause the husband lost his life.

---

\* Big with her second child.

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ON THE  
KING's RECOVERY.

10th MARCH, 1789.

---

IF o'er the sun, at early day,  
While mortals hail his cheering ray,  
And nature smiles in vernal bloom,  
Some cloud extends its transient gloom;  
Through all the grove dull silence reigns,  
And mirth and joy forsake the plains.

But soon dispers'd the vapours fly,  
Chas'd by the regent of the sky;  
The turbid air his beams refine,  
And with their wonted lustre shine.

Thus late BRITANNIA's happy isle  
Saw peace restor'd, and all things smile:  
Beneath her much-lov'd monarch's reign,  
Mirth revell'd o'er the wide domain:  
Even rival factions only strove  
To express their gratitude and love.

But see! a sudden sore disease  
 Our sovereign's mental functions seize;  
 Whose dire effects at once oppress  
 The source of publick happiness.

Then sadness mark'd each face with grief,  
 Nor medicine's self affords relief;  
 Till heaven, in pity to our land,  
 Propitious sent a lenient\* hand;  
 Its aid with ardent prayers implor'd,  
 To health th' afflicted king restor'd.

Now rapture fills th' exulting isle,  
 Again all nature seems to smile:  
 All parties join'd, one voice employ,  
 To testify the publick joy.

Our monarch heal'd is lov'd the more—  
 We felt but half his worth before.  
 His danger only serves to prove  
 Heaven's bounty, and his people's love.

---

• Dr. Willis.

---

WRITTEN IN

THE PAVILION,

In the LAUREL-GROVE,

At BURTON PYNSENT,

JULY 1786.

---

IMPROMPTU.

---

THE British flag, triumphantly display'd,  
Throughout the world great Chatham's fame convey'd:  
Our sinking credit, and our funds restor'd,  
An equal triumph to young Pitt afford.  
The fire, the victor's *laurel* justly won:  
Let then an \**oaken* crown reward the *son*.

---

\* Or civick crown formed of oak leaves, "ob cives servatos."

---

A

# WINTER-DAY'S JOURNEY;

OR,

## THE STAGE OF LIFE!

WRITTEN AT AN INN, 1787.

---

AT early dawn, fresh rising with the sun,  
 With spirits gay, my journey I begun:  
 Thro' rough and smooth, 'midst sunshine, rain or snow,  
 O'er hill and dale, full merrily I go.

At noon I halt, refresh my weary steed;  
 Recruit my strength; then cheerfully proceed.  
 But soon I feel the tedious length of way,  
 My spirits waning with the closing day.  
 Now night succeeds; fatigu'd and listless grown,  
 I still jog on, all cheerless and alone:  
 I wish for rest; though yet no rest can find,  
 For many a tedious mile is still behind.  
 But ah! at length I spy the friendly light  
 Of a warm inn dispel the gloom of night:

Pleas'd I dismount, become a welcome guest,  
Secure a well-warm'd bed—and sink to rest.

Yet, while my languid frame its strength renews,  
My active fancy still her flight pursues ;  
The day's adventures traces o'er again,  
Enjoys the pleasure, and forgets the pain.

In youth's fair season, thus alert and gay,  
Our stage begins, and sunshine all the way :  
Hope plans a life of never-ceasing joy ;  
No share of bliss our appetite can cloy :  
To manhood grown, we yet behold awhile  
The flattering world, with varying lustre, smile :  
To-day, though disappointment cloud the scene,  
To-morrow yields a prospect more serene ;  
Pleasure and pain alternately prevail,  
Yet hope in pleasure's favour turns the scale :  
But soon, alas ! the fond delusion's o'er,  
Dull cares succeed, and pleasure is no more.  
The evil days approach, and naught remains,  
But gloomy cares, infirmities and pains ;  
No further prospect now the wretch can have  
Of joy, of ease, but in the friendly grave ;  
There let me flee, bid all my troubles cease,  
There rest my weary limbs—and sleep in peace.  
While, wing'd with hope my frailties are forgiven,  
The soul, redeem'd from death, shall mount to heaven.

---

SUMMER-DAY'S PLEASURE,

AT

C——Y, NEAR BATH.

---

DEEP in a vale, 'midst pendant woods,  
And verdant meads, and winding floods;  
Sequester'd from that busy scene  
Of noise and show—which nothing mean;  
There stands a sweet Palladian pile,  
A mansion in the chastest style;  
Such as of old, full many a dome  
Adorn'd the environs of Rome.

This, as his journey he pursues,  
The traveller at a distance\* views;  
And, though impatient to proceed,  
Charm'd with the landscape, checks his steed;

L

---

\* From the Wells road.

With rapture cries, nor deems amiss,  
 "There surely is the seat of bliss."  
 And happy he! of taste possess'd,  
 Who hither comes a favour'd guest:  
 Complete within we all things find,  
 Taste, elegance, and splendour, join'd.  
 Proportion'd rooms, where every art  
 Of ornament supplies its part.

A table furnishes the treat,  
 Deck'd with such food as folks can eat;  
 Superb indeed, but not profuse,  
 Intended less for show than use;  
 And though perhaps you eat on plate,  
 'Tis for convenience, not for state:  
 For, spite of fashion, I alledge,  
 That china sets one's teeth on edge.  
 At perfect liberty and ease,  
 You say and do just what you please;  
 Within this hospitable dome,  
 Ev'n strangers find themselves at home.

What secret charm then shall we say,  
 Thus gilds our moments at C\*\*b\*h\*y?  
 What spell invisible pervades,  
 And animates these rural shades?  
 What genius o'er the place presides,  
 Whose influence every movement guides?



The worthy owners' head and heart,  
Their kind attentions still impart;  
And each politely condescends,  
To treat you not as guests, but friends.  
To *them* 'tis happiness sincere,  
To see *you* happy whilst you're here.  
But fleeting hours glide on too soon,  
And night, alas! succeeds to noon.  
Too short we find the summer's day,  
When evening summons us away:  
'Tis parting only gives us pain,  
We part—yet long to meet again—  
But hope not to engross those hearts,  
Where friends unnumber'd claim their parts.

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WRITTEN UNDER

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG OAK,

AT H——, SOMERSET,

(The Seat of the late Col. B——.)

---

---

AT early morn, when oft I sauntering rove,  
 And seek thy shade, fair Regent of the grove;  
 Or at thy root, where Laura deigns to twine  
 The woodbine round thy trunk, at eve recline;  
 Dispell'd awhile the cloud of gloomy cares,  
 Which 'midst his brightest days each mortal shares;  
 I pleas'd reflect on many a friendly proof  
 Of kindness, from yon' hospitable roof;  
 Where dwell politeness, elegance, and ease,  
 Minds fraught with equal *power* and *will* to please:  
 Where, ev'n to luxury, each favour'd guest  
 His appetite may please, his fancy\* feast.

But though these scenes, where calmly thus I sit,  
 I soon, alas! reluctantly must quit:

---

---

\* With pictures, the production of the worthy owner's pencil.

Go hence forlorn, and ah! perhaps deplore  
 These happy days, which *may*\* return no more;  
 Nay, all my sublunary joys be past,  
 What ages are *thy* beauties form'd to last:  
 What various seasons art *thou* doom'd to see,  
 What nymphs and swains shall make their moan to thee!  
 What idle bards with rapture haunt the vale,  
 And to the listening dryads tell their tale!

Ah! if, in future times, some thriftless heir,  
 By want impell'd, those dryads should not spare,†  
 These sylvan gods, with impious hand invade,  
 And rudely violate this awful shade;  
 O! tell the wretch, the curse of every muse,  
 And every child of taste, such deeds pursue.  
 Tell him! that he, unshelter'd, in his turn,  
 Shall starve in winter, and in summer burn.  
 That, like the blasted oak, himself shall rot,  
 And die unsung, unpitied, and forgot.

If, with each tree, a dryad feel the stroke,  
 'Tis *murder*, sure, to fell a stately oak:  
 Each grove is *sacred*, taint not then thy mind  
 With guilt of sacrilege and murder join'd.

May 29th, 1789.

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\* Ah nimis ex vero. Ov.

† There is no danger of such an event, under the present  
 worthy possessor.

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## A DIGNIFIED RETREAT.

WRITTEN AT

B\*\*T\*N-P\*NSENT.

June 1789.

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**W**HERE B-rt-n groves, with lofty structures grac'd,  
 Proclaim great Chatham's merits\*—and his taste;  
 Who, on the noblest plans of state employ'd,  
 Amidst these shades domestick sweets enjoy'd:  
 Till spent with patriot toils he sunk to rest,  
 With all his weeping country's wishes blest:  
 Hither, though long in polish'd courts admir'd,  
 The partner of his cares has now retir'd.  
 By friendship's aid, in widow'd state, relieves  
 The loss of that lov'd man for whom she grieves;  
 For whom through life her grief might justly last,  
 Fed by remembrance of their pleasures past.

Yet time perhaps the mournful gloom might chase,  
 And brighter thoughts insensibly take place;

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---

\* The reward of his patriotick conduct.

While on the marble urn,\* she 'midst the grove  
Records the bliss of chaste, connubial love;  
Or, in the learned page finds that relief,  
Which sage and holy men prescribe for grief.

But ah! again (so heaven, alas! decreed)  
For lovely Eliot's† death her wounds must bleed:  
A husband's joy! a mother's darling pride!  
In bloom of youth the lovely Eliot died.

Yet to her weeping friends, indulgent Heav'n  
A transcript of the parent's charms has given:  
In virtue's shade the tender plant to rear,  
Chatham again exerts a mother's care:  
Pleas'd in the lovely offspring's docile mind,  
The parent's virtues with her charms to find.

May health and ease her guardian cares attend:  
Happy through life, be happier in her end!  
Supremely blest! who sees, with virtuous pride,  
Her comfort's loss by filial love supplied:  
Beholds the patriot deeds and honours, won  
By her lov'd Lord, fresh-blooming in her son.

---

\* A beautiful Urn of white marble (by Mr. Bacon) in the midst of a laurel grove; the elegance of which scene can be exceeded by nothing but by the delicacy of the inscription, equal to any thing in the English language.

† Her Ladyship's daughter, married to the Hon. E. J. Eliot.

A

## SKETCH FROM NATURE.

WRITTEN AT

A SMALL GOTHIC VILLA,

In the most beautiful, though least frequented, part of  
Gloucestershire.

---

AMIDST primæval groves, sublimely great,  
Here Nature fix'd of old her favourite seat;  
Hence views, with placid mien, the subject plain,  
The various beauties of her wide domain:  
Woods, lawns, neat villages, and farms, surveys,  
Such scenes as Wotton's fertile vale displays.  
Industrious peasants there contented live  
In all the bliss that health and peace can give;  
No demagogues Utopian systems frame,  
Nor furious contests rage 'mongst 'quires for game;  
But all, on due subordination's plan,  
In peace enjoy the *social* "rights of man."

The poor, by wealth *employ'd*, and not oppress'd,  
 Are fed, protected, and with plenty blest'd:  
 The rich unenvied, while their plenteous store  
 With liberal hand 's imparted to the poor.  
 All taste, remote from life's fantastick show,  
 The genuine sweets, which nature's gifts bestow.

But, if the friendship of our worthy host,  
 Lord of these woods and Gothic towers, you boast;  
 Beneath his roof you'll all these blessings find,  
 Peace, plenty, social mirth, and virtue join'd.  
 There still true hospitality abides,  
 And beauty at the festive board presides;  
 Attentive to each guest, her smiles imparts,  
 She feasts our senses, and subdues our hearts.

October 1791.

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TO

\*MRS. \* \* \* \* \*,

C\*\*BE-GROVE.

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*IMPROMPTU.*

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---

I BEG, dear Madam, you'll excuse,  
 The efforts of my rustick muse;  
 Not all the arguments you bring,  
 In *palaces* can make her sing.  
 Euterpe is a bashful maid,  
 Loves solitude and rural shade;  
 'Midst rocks and woods delights to rove,  
 And such was once your sweet C\*\*be-Grove.  
 But now, alas! the scene's too bright,  
 And puts poetick thoughts to flight,

A footman meets you at the gate,  
 Conducts you to a room of state;

---

---

\* Requesting some rhymes on her Villa.



On turtle-soup, fowl, fish, you dine,  
 Drink claret, or rich Spanish wine.  
 I praise your liberal hospitality,  
 (Not always found amongst our quality.)  
 The luxury of seven and seven,  
 Exalts an epicure to heaven :  
 But, give a bard his belly full,  
 Like vulgar mortals he grows dull.  
 An hungry poet, in a garret,  
 Will sing—and prate like any parrot ;  
 But beef and pudding sink him down,  
 And level Pindar with a clown :  
 He dreams no more of nymph or fawn,  
 Or Dian ranging o'er the lawn ;  
 His thoughts are grov'ling on the earth,  
 Which never yet gave genius birth.

In short, such splendors all around  
 My feeble faculties confound :  
 C\*\*be-Gr\*ve's no longer now the same,  
 Combe-*Palace* then must be its name ;  
 And you are queen, the 'squire a king,  
 And Warton\* must your praises sing.

---

\* Poet-Laureat at that time.

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AN  
ETYMOLOGY.\*

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TO  
JAMES P\*\*\*T A\*\*\*\*\*S, Esq. F. R. S.

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---

WHEN London scarce had spread so far  
(Some centuries past) as Temple-bar;  
And thence to Westminster, 'tis said,  
A dirty lane† the traveller led:  
And citizens might find an hare  
In Grosvenor or in ‡Soho-square;  
An heath there was, towards the west,  
Not then, with flowers,§ by culture drest,  
Or villas gay, where sweetly blows,  
The gilliflower, the pink and rose;  
But overrun with native *broom*,  
Which now is *Bromton-Grove* become.

---

---

\* See his *Anecdotes*, p. 81.    † See Pennant's *London*.

‡ The watch-word at the battle of Sedgmore, *ibid*.

§ Now famous for flowers.

There Andrews dwells in learned ease,  
 And, skill'd each man of taste to please,  
 He, patiently at home confin'd,\*  
 Instructs and entertains mankind.  
 Collects each flower, with eye discerning;  
 Conceal'd in labyrinths of learning:†  
 Or executes the generous plan,  
 Which ‡Hanway's liberal soul began:  
 Or meditates, in manner new,  
 His country's annals to review.§  
 Thus watchful o'er the midnight oil,  
 The world enjoys his virtuous toil:  
 Like Epicurus, in his garden,  
 Fair fame his pleasing task rewarding.  
 In life's calm shade, thus truly great,  
 Ev'n kings might envy his retreat.

\* With the gout. † His Anecdotes.

‡ For the relief of the poor chimney-sweepers.

§ A concise History of England, on a new plan.



---

ON  
A FEMALE ARTIST\*  
OF  
DISTINCTION.

---

"She fate like patience on a monument,

"Smiling at grief."——

SHAKESPEARE.

---

**K**IND heaven the good will ne'er with griefs oppress,  
Without some balm to soften their distress;  
And, for their "corporal sufferings," oft on those  
A double share of mental powers bestows.  
Depriv'd of fight thus Milton's lofty mind  
Excels in bold description all mankind:  
While yet a youth, all nature he explor'd,  
And thence his mind with rich materials stor'd;  
Which, heighten'd by strong fancy's pow'rful ray,  
The wonders of his paradise display.

---



---

\* A lady of fortune who resides in Bath, confined by an incurable lameness.

Marcia, though long by dire disease confin'd,  
 From nature's beauties, yet has stor'd *her* mind,  
 (Like the great bard) before her sad retreat,  
 With all that's *rare*, or *beautiful*, or *great*.\*  
 Hence in her land skips, hills, dales, rocks, unite,  
 With woods or lakes, to captivate the sight ;  
 Her magic pencil raises to our view  
 The paradise which Milton's fancy drew.  
 Amus'd herself, the pleasure she extends,  
 With scenes Elysian to amuse her friends ;  
 Who, 'midst the raptures which her works impart,  
 Admire her sense, and goodness of her heart.  
 Nay, trebly blest, has rais'd a fund, in store  
 The sick to solace or to feed the poor.†  
 For Marcia's skill assumes a nobler name,  
 And *charity* and *taste* in *her* 's the same.

Thus, 'midst affliction's gloom, she sits serene,  
 While conscious virtue gilds the lonely scene.  
 Milton, though blind, could nature's charms improve,  
 Marcia, though lame, through nature's wilds can rove.  
 Yet, from *his* verse but fancied scenes arise:  
*Her* art brings nature's self before our eyes.

---

\* The three sources of the pleasures of imagination.

† The sick and imprisoned have been relieved from that fund.

---

THE

## GENEROUS ŒCONOMIST.

WITH beauty, sense, and fortune blest,  
And much admir'd, and much care's'd;  
Yet Laura, wonderful to tell,  
Has bid th' admiring world farewell:  
Frequents no concert, play, or ball,  
And, as for routs—she hates them all.  
Nor does she, warm in pleasure's chace,  
Pursue her game from place to place:  
Now, idly posting up to town,  
Now, restless hurrying gladly down.  
No: Laura grudges the expence—  
Yet think her not so void of sense,  
That, while so young, she can at once  
Pleasures of every kind renounce.  
Laura, like many a nymph of fashion,  
Still gratifies her ruling passion:  
Not like some pious dames of old,  
As by our comick bards we're told;

Who kept lock'd up, amongst their tea,  
 A sip of Nantes\* or Ratafia:  
 Nor does she lavish her regards  
 On monkees, lap-dogs, or on cards;  
 Nor yet preserve a secret part  
 For some fond lover—in her heart.  
 No: a kind spouse, of her election,  
 Has long engross'd her whole affection.

“ What then can this retirement mean?  
 “ 'Tis Laura's interest to be seen.”

Be it then rightly understood,  
*Her* luxury is—in doing good;  
 Though Laura 's frugal on herself,  
 Think her not bent on hoarding pelf.  
 Laura is generous—though she's wife,  
 Frugality her fund supplies:  
 When charities her aid demand,  
 Laura extends a liberal hand.  
 With what you dissipate on dress,  
 She cheers a neighbour in distress;  
 With what on *music* you employ,  
 She “ makes the widow *sing* for joy.”

---

\* A liquor made in France, used medicinally.

Yet, to herself and heaven alone,  
Her acts of charity are known;  
She leaves the world its noise and show,  
In silent streams her bounties flow:  
Of heartfelt joys she'll find a store,  
When youth and beauty are no more.

Nov, 20, 1792.

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VOLTAIRE'S VISIT

TO

CONGREVE.\*

---

ERE France, intent on her Utopian plan,  
 Had spurn'd all laws t' assert "the rights of man,"  
 On liberty so zealously employ'd,  
 Both liberty and property destroy'd;  
 She long had view'd, with envy—and applause,  
 The matchless system of our British laws;  
 When young *Voltaire*, by freedom's charms inspir'd,  
 To freedom's seat from despotism retir'd.

Here heroes he beheld, who bravely fought;  
 Patriots, who wisely plann'd or greatly thought;  
 Philosophers and bards of glorious name,  
*Pope* who possess'd, *Young* rising into fame:  
*Congreve* had long the temple's height attain'd,  
 Yet scorn'd the art by which that height he gain'd.

---

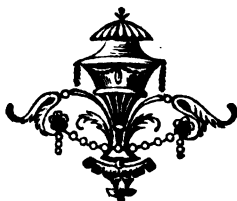
\* See Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets*.

*Voltaire*, by laudable ambition led  
To view the bard whose works he oft' had read,  
Now introduced, the youth with rapture fir'd,  
Express'd how much the *poet* he admir'd!

“ Young man! says *Congreve*, you're of France I find;  
But polish'd manners and a liberal mind  
Unite us all:—yet you're deceiv'd, I fear,  
'Tis as a *gentleman* I see you here.”

Sir! quoth *Voltaire*, we've *gentlemen* in France,  
Who dress, and bow, talk politicks, and—dance;  
But you are more—and *therefore* am I come:  
And were you not, sir, I had stay'd at home.

---



ON

MADAME SISLEY,

A

FRENCH LADY OF FORTUNE,

FORCED TO QUIT HER NATIVE COUNTRY, ON THE REVOLUTION, AND TO SING IN PUBLIC FOR A MORE DECENT SUBSISTENCE.

---

I.

“ **M**USICK has charms (so poets say)  
“ To soothe a savage breast,”  
And beauty’s universal sway  
Ev’n tyrants have confess’d.

II.

Is it then true, (what we are told)  
That Frenchmen could oppress;  
That Frenchmen could, unmov’d, behold  
*Such* beauty in distress?

III.

Alas! such foul dishonour stains  
That, once, more gallant race:  
Deaf to fair Sisley's heavenly strains,  
Blind to her lovely face.

IV.

But Britons to such powers united,  
More just, more generous prove:  
To rapture by her notes excited,  
And by her charms to love.

21st Nov. 1791.

---



---

TO  
 DAVID H\*\*\*\*\*Y, Esq.  
 ON  
 HIS INGENIOUS DISCOVERY  
 FOR THE  
 TEMPERING STEEL.

---

DAVID! who boasts, with true Vulcanian skill,  
 To make e'en steel obedient to thy will;  
 To' every tool its truest temper lend,  
 The soft to harden, or the brittle bend:—  
 See Chloe! when but fancied woe appears,  
 With infant softness melting into tears.  
 But when her lover for compassion fues,  
 Unmov'd the suppliant swain the fair one views:  
 E'en for her lap-dog tenderly she sighs,  
 And pities Pompey—while her lover dies.

Exert then, David, thy Promethean art,  
 And give consistent feelings to her heart;  
 Compassionate the torments that we feel,  
 And temper Chloe—as you temper steel.

---

---

TASTE A-LA-MODE,

1791.

---

---

TO

THE HON. MR. N\*\*\*\*.

---

---

WITH genius, wit, and learning blest,  
 Young N\*\*th the tragick muse address'd.  
 He chose his subject; sketch'd his plan;  
 And now triumphantly began.

“ Ah! cries a friend, (who knew the Town)  
 “ A tragedy will ne'er go down;  
 “ These merry times like nothing serious,  
 “ Ev'n Otway now begins to weary us.  
 “ We talk of *feelings*; but you'll find  
 “ They're feelings of a different kind:  
 “ Even Shakespeare's self, in this blest age,  
 “ Disgusted, must desert the stage.”

Well then, if folks don't love to cry,  
 We now a comick scene will try—

Follies abound, and sure with ease  
This *merry* town a bard *may* please.

“ Alas! ev’n here, perhaps, my friend,  
“ You’re not so sure to gain your end :  
“ You’ll learn, I fear, fir, to your cost,  
“ Our taste for *comick humour*’s lost.  
“ We want some sweet romantick tale,  
“ Or *Congreve*’s sterling wit must fail.  
If that’s the case, quoth N\*\*\*\*, by chance,  
*My* tale would make a good romance.

“ But, fir, without some sprightly song,  
“ You’ll yet see every thing go wrong :  
“ Duets and trios we must have,  
“ For nothing else your *play* will save.

Quoth N\*\*\*\* (perplex’d with all his wit,  
The town’s fantastick taste to hit)  
’Zounds! here then, take a threefold piece,  
Though quite unknown to Rome or Greece :  
And, blame not *me*, ye criticks sage,  
But mend the manners of the age :  
Were they content with wholesome food,  
I’d give them what is fresh and good ;  
But if with trash they *will* be cramm’d—  
Let them—and all their plays—be \*d-mn’d!

---

• In a theatrical sense. & applied in a common sense, can strictly mean no more than abbreviation of condensed & is more properly pronounced & spelt by Ladies, who, are chaste in orthography in an &





---

JUVENILITIES,  
EPIGRAMS,  
&c.

---



JUVENILITIES.

---

DOMESTICK HAPPINESS.

WRITTEN 1750.\*

---

I.

THOUGH chill descends the drizzling rain,  
And hollow blows the wind :  
Of wintry storms I'll not complain,  
While thus my Lucy's kind.

II.

When, round my cot, the dreary fields,  
And shrubs are clad with snow,  
More joy than summer's sunshine yields  
Her cheering smiles bestow.

---

\* The author was afraid to hazard the simplicity of this ballad, forty years ago; but "domestick happiness" is now the *ton*—I mean in novels and romances.

III.

I heed not ruthless wars alarms,  
That Europe's sons annoy;  
While I, secure of Lucy's charms,  
Domestick peace enjoy.

IV.

For wealth to India's distant shore  
Let greedy merchants roam;  
With Lucy blest, I ask no more  
Than competence at home.

*all countries?  
all lost / passed  
all Merchants and  
deserve the credit*

V.

Give epicures their sumptuous fare,  
Whilst I, more truly blest;  
The neat, though frugal, viands share,  
My Lucy's hands have dress'd.

VI.

The flaunting nymphs, that haunt the town,  
I, void of envy, see;  
While Lucy, in her linen gown,  
Is all the world to me.

---

---

ABSENCE.\*

---

---

WHILE thus I range these sylvan shades,  
'Midst murmuring streams and opening glades,  
And listen to the thrilling notes  
Where warbling linnets pour their throats;  
Each care, each passion lull'd to rest,  
What tranquil pleasures fill my breast!

But ah! what means, as I advance,  
This sigh, that wakes me from my trance?  
The linnet now I joyless hear,  
For ah! my Julia is not there.  
How fade the beauties of the grove,  
When not enjoy'd with her I love.

In vain the nightingale and thrush  
Their carols chaunt on every bush;  
Her mate the cooing turtle calls,  
The silver current tinkling falls;  
Elysian scenes insipid prove,  
When absent from the nymph I love.

---

---

\* Set to music by Mr. Rauzzini.

---

---

THE  
PARTING SOLDIER;\*  
OR,  
THE ELOQUENCE OF TEARS.

---

---

I.

WHEN beauty pleads with artless smiles,  
She oft' the stoutest heart beguiles;  
But join'd with Daphne's wit and sense,  
Who could resist such eloquence?

II.

Nicander could:—he turn'd away:  
“ 'Tis Honour calls, he must obey.”  
And Daphne, deck'd in all her charms,  
He thrust reluctant from his arms.

III.

Again the nymph her rhetorick tries,  
With suppliant hands and moistening eyes;  
The silent tear stole down her cheek,  
She sigh'd, she wept—but could not speak.

---

---

\* A general officer.

IV.

Her melting tears the hero view'd,  
And now his courage was subdued:  
Honour avaunt! we will not part,  
My Daphne's tears o'erpower my heart.

V.

Rous'd from her trance, o'erwhelm'd with shame,  
And anxious for Nicander's fame,  
A crimson blush suffus'd her face,  
She loos'd him from her fond embrace.

VI.

Ah! go, she cried: Nicander, go!  
Nor let *me* prove thy deadliest foe:  
Nor to my weakness sacrifice  
What soldiers more than life should prize.

1788.



ON  
A VERY YOUNG LADY,  
OF  
EQUAL WIT AND BEAUTY.

"TOLLE CUPIDINEM IMMITIS UVÆ." HOR.

---

I.

HOW sweetly blooms yon opening rose!  
What charms her purple leaves disclose!  
Yet, would you rashly crop the flower,  
A thorn exerts its guardian power.

II.

Thus Stella blooms with native charms,  
And with fond hopes each bosom warms:  
But, though vain fops fear no resistance,  
Her wit still keeps them at a distance.

III.

Submissive then the nymph adore,  
Enjoy her smiles, and ask no more—  
Her charms by time matur'd, you'll find  
Her *wit* will teach her to be kind.



TO  
MISS S\*\*M\*\*R.

*Niece of the*

I.

HER artless notes! when Delia sings,  
What raptures they impart!  
Or when she strikes the trembling strings,  
They vibrate to the heart.

II.

The blended tints her skill display,  
When she the needle plies—  
The linnet flutters on the spray,\*  
The rose with nature vies.

III.

But words, alas! are all too faint  
(Were I to *beauty* blind)  
Each virtue and each grace to paint,  
Conspicuous in her *mind*.

\* A beautiful piece of needle-work.

IV.

Good sense, with a desire to please,  
And condescension sweet;  
And dignity, with native ease,  
In due assemblage meet.

V.

In Delia thus, so nobly born,  
These qualities abound:  
Yet more the fair one to adorn,  
With modesty they 're crown'd.

VI.

Unconscious of her charms, the maid  
Thus humble though we view:  
More homage than to thrones is paid,  
Fair Delia is thy due.

*Scend, June 1789.*

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EPIGRAMS, &c.

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MARTIAL

SPECTAC. LIB. EPIG. II.

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---

TO VESPASIAN.\*

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WHERE yon sublime Colossus braves the skies,  
And vast machines† with self-mov'd stages rise,  
A savage tyrant's palace, one proud dome,  
Itself a city, stood alone in Rome.

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\* The tyrant Nero having demolished almost one-third of Rome, to erect his "Golden Palace" as he called it, (consisting of porticos near a mile in extent, a colossal statue of himself 120 feet high; lakes, parks, and woods, stocked with wild and tame beasts of every kind) the Emperors Vespasian and Titus destroyed it, and built the magnificent amphitheatre, which still remains; put the head of Apollo on the Colossus in the place of Nero's,

Where the wide lake its stagnant waters spread,  
 An amphitheatre now lifts its head,  
 See! publick baths erected, where before  
 Waste lawns usurp'd the mansions of the poor:  
 On the court's utmost verge, a grand arcade  
 Affords at noon its hospitable shade.  
 Rome to itself by Cæsar now restor'd,  
 Delights a nation—not *one* worthless lord.

---

Nero's, and erected porticos and publick baths for the use of the people.—If the unhappy Louis XVI. had followed his own inclination, and, on his accession to the throne, had effected some more important popular acts, he might probably have saved himself and his country from the present distracted situation.

† Some wooden machines for the use of the amphitheatre, I believe, to amuse the populace.

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ON THE DEATH OF  
JAMES COLLINGS, Esq.  
FEB. 1788, AT BATH.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL, B. i. EP. 40.

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---

IS there a man, like those distinguish'd few  
For friendship fam'd whom happier ages knew;  
His mind with science stor'd, with claffick taste,  
And true simplicity of manners grac'd;  
Of strictest honour and to virtue dear,  
Who form'd no wish, but all mankind might hear :\*  
Such was the man, whose loss his friends deplore:  
Such Collings was—†but is, alas! no more.‡

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\* Alluding to the secret prayers of the hypocrites. HOR.

† The word *Disperream* is too familiar for this occasion—but may be excused in the following imitation.

‡ This character was brought to the author's memory, by the recent death of the worthy Mr. Hoare, to whom it is strictly applicable.

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MARTIAL,

BOOK I. EP. 40. IMITATED.

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IMPROMPTU

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HAVE you not seen, to Dover posting down,  
My curious friend, about ten miles from town,  
If to the right you haply cast your eyes,  
A splendid villa's front majestick rise?  
Where, 'midst the verdant lawn, pavilions gay,  
And sculptur'd urns,\* the owner's taste display?  
Where wood and water harmoniz'd unite,  
And many a rural object charms the sight?  
Neat cottages and farms the landskip grace,  
But more—the happy peasant's ruddy face  
And healthy, cheerful looks, adorn the scene?—  
*Hang me†* if 'tis not D—n!—n that you mean.

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---

\* One, a beautiful antique marble urn, brought from Rome, with its pedestal 10 or 12 feet high.

† *Dispercam, si non &c.*

BOOK II. EP. 7.

DECLAMAS BELLE', &c.

MODERNIZED.

YES, you're a *pretty* preacher, fir, we know it,  
Write *pretty* \**novels*, are a *pretty* poet;  
A *pretty* critick, and tell *fortunes*† too;  
Then, who writes farce or epigrams like you?  
At every ball how *prettily* you nick it:  
You fiddle, sing, play *prettily* at cricket.  
Yet, after all, in nothing you excel,  
Do all things *prettily*, but nothing *well*.  
What shall I call you?—Say the best I can,  
You are, my friend, a ‡*very busy* man.

\* *Bellas historias.* † *Bellus es astrologus.*

‡ *Magnus es Ardelio. Avlóralo.*

AN

# EXPENSIVE JILT.

B. xi. ęp. 50.

“ HEC NŌSSE SALUS EST ADOLESCENTULIS.” TER.

THERE's not an hour, my Phillis, in the day,  
But you contrive to make my fondnefs pay.  
Your maid, an artful flut, now cries, “ Alas!  
“ What fhall I do?—I've broke my lady's glafs.  
Then Phillis comes herſelf, in tears, poor thing!  
And tells me ſhe has loſt her favourite ring,  
Or dropt, perchance, a diamond from her locket—  
Then, a new piece of filk muſt \*pick my pocket.  
Behold her next, her eſſence-box produce,  
Which wants ſome rich perfume or eau-de-luce.  
Now an old hag, pretending to divine  
And ſolve her dreams, muſt have ſome old tent wine: †  
I then for fiſh the market muſt explore,  
Some demirep will dine with us at four.

\* Furtiva luci.

† “ *Nigra*,” to appeaſe the infernal deities.



But, prithee! Phillis, pay some small regard  
To justice—and my generous love reward:  
Since I *refuse* you nothing, how can you  
Thus pick my pocket—and *refuse*\* me too?



TO

MISS S\*\*\*\*\* H\*\*\*\*\*.

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---

CECILIA sings:—how strong, how clear,  
Her thrilling accents strike the ear!  
But, by degrees, the soften'd lay  
In melting sweetness dies away:  
And, while we listen to the fair,  
The notes seem half-dissolv'd in air.  
Yet such the raptures they impart,  
With lightning's force they pierce the heart.

---

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\* “*Negas.*” Verbum amatorium.

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MARTIAL,

PAUPER CINNA VULT VIDERI—ET EST PAUPER,

IMITATED.

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---

WITH old slouch'd hat and undress'd hair,  
Cinna affects a rustick air;  
And, while due forms he thus neglects,  
He is the *rustick* he affects.

---

ANOTHER.

\*  
*Callidus imposuit nuper mihi caupo Ravennæ,  
Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum.*

IMITATED: A REAL FACT.

Indeed, my good friend, I have cause to complain,  
When I call'd for some cyder, you gave me Champagne.

*imitated no Real fact. but from the  
Oxford Sawage a Pur.  
a Landlord a Bath put upon a queer Hum.  
I ask'd for some Punch & he gave me meers Punch*

ON

TEMPERANCE.

\* ημῶν  
Πλέον ἢ πᾶν.\* Hes.

YOU dine with lords, and with insulting air,  
Repeat, in favoury terms, your bill of fare:  
I, happy to escape a sumptuous treat,  
Enjoy the venison—which I did *not* eat.

ON THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THEY who, impatient of the yoke,  
Have driv'n one tyrant from the throne;  
Now, to more base submission broke,  
Beneath ten thousand tyrants groan.

\* "A pint of wine is better than a bottle."

does not to know that he is better off than the whole  
the great consist of a foreign power.

# EQUALITY;

OR,

## THE DYING LOVER.

YOUNG Corydon, a forward blade,  
The offspring of a 'squire,  
Address'd a lovely, blooming maid,  
Whose father was—a dyer.

"A Dyer's daughter! cries his dad,

"What! marry her! O fye!"

"Why not, fir, says the honest lad,

"You know we all *must die*.

*A Man at John's byd who e. come heard  
to a Rhyme with, complating the Rhyme  
for Intence  
Linda the new y Hand  
I John Dyer  
the new y Hand in the Chimney*

AN  
USEFUL APOTHEGM  
FOR  
A FOND MOTHER.

---

WHETHER charg'd or uncharg'd, I charge you,  
'my son,  
Never wantonly face the mouth of a gun;  
And, tam'd or untam'd, pray likewise beware,  
Come not nigh to the heels of a horse or a mare.

OR THUS:

Approach not, I charge you, if danger you'd shun,  
The heels of a horse, or the mouth of a gun.

---

TO A LADY,  
WHO MISTOOK THE WORD  
APOTHEGM FOR APOZEM.

An *Apozem*, madam, would make your child sick:  
My *Apothegm*—save him from many a kick.

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THE  
CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

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THE SENTIMENTS  
OF  
A YOUNG LADY.

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**DON'T** marry an *old* man, my father advifes,  
To marry a *young* man, mamma thinks unwise is :  
An old man is jealous, will be peevish and teaze you,  
A young man is fickle, and will not *long* please you.  
That my choice of a husband may not be thought  
wrong then,  
I'll have nothing to do with old men or young men.  
A middle-aged man comes nearest the truth,  
With the wisdom of *age* and the ardour of *youth*. ✓  
With such a one only I ever will marry,  
And my hope of true bliss can hardly miscarry.

*With force united my fond heart he stormed  
like a ge he doated but like youth perform?*

IN THE STYLE OF  
MASTER THOMAS STERNHOLD,  
TOUCHING CRITICKS.

---

I.

BLEST is the man, who, free from strife,  
Can read and write at home!  
Enjoy an unambitious life,  
Nor vainly wish to roam

II.

Where finners ply the grey goose-quill,  
In Critical Reviews;  
And verse or prose, with dangerous skill,  
Unfeelingly abuse.

III.

Ungodly men! on mischief bent!  
Who "fit in scorner's chair,"  
And, not to keep eternal Lent,  
On harmless authors fare.

○

IV.

But he who by his parlour fire  
Right peaceably doth sit,  
Nor ever proudly doth aspire  
To tread the paths of wit;

V.

To criticks deaf as Scilly's rocks,  
" Their doings will deride,  
" And make them all as mocking-stocks,  
" Throughout the world so wide."

---





BY

ATTERBURY,

WHEN A

WESTMINSTER SCHOLAR.

*On the figure of JUDAS in the Altar-Piece, said to be taken  
from a well-known character.*

---

FALLERIS hâc te qui pingi sub imagine, credis,  
Non similis Judas est tibi—pœnituit.\*

TRANSLATED.

Think not by Judas *thou* art represented,  
Though Judas was a thief—yet *he* repented.

---

\* I cannot recollect a more severe stroke of satire, conveyed  
in so few words.

---

IN OBITUM

DOM. ELIZ. SHERIDAN,  
FORMA, VOCE, ATQUE INGENIO,  
INTER ORNATAS ORNATISSIMÆ,  
AB IMO AMORES ITA SUSPIRAT  
AMICUS.

---

EHEU! EHEU! LUGEANT MORTALES!  
EJA VERO GAUDEANT CCELESTES!  
DULCES AD AMPLEXUS,  
SOCIANE JAM CITHARÆ MELOS,  
REDIT PERGRATA,  
EN! ITERUM SOROR;  
SUAUIUSQUE NIL MANET *HOSANNIS*.

---

---

ON THE  
DEATH OF  
MRS. SHERIDAN,  
FROM  
THE LATIN OF DR. H———N.

---

SURE, every beauty, every grace,  
Which other females share,  
Adorn'd thy mind, thy voice, thy face,  
Thou fairest of the fair!—  
Amidst the general distress,  
Oh! let a friend his grief express!:

Yet whilst, alas! each mortal mourns,  
Rejoice! ye heavenly Choir!  
To your embraces she returns;  
And, with her social lyre,  
ELIZA\* now resumes her seat,  
And makes your harmony complete.

---

\* Original "SOROR."

[ 198 ]

---

TO

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.†

---

A CARD,

DECLINING AN INVITATION

TO

A CONVERSAZIONI.

---

SAINT Patrick's dean, though deaf, was *Swift*,  
I'm deaf, alas! but slow:  
True wit and humour were his gift,  
But not *my* gift, *you* know. *++*

As well might one that could not eat  
Attend your jovial cheer,  
As I disturb your higher treat  
Of wit, I cannot hear.

---

† The late worthy Dr. Domville.

WRITTEN AFTER A

CONVIVIAL ENTERTAINMENT.

SATUR EST CUM DICIT HORATIUS EVE.

JUV.

THE Sheriff, to convene a county meeting,  
To gentlemen and clergy sendeth greeting:  
Hinting in each a different style of breeding,  
Of birth, of rank—and elegance of feeding.

But those that dine with \*K—— will see, delighted,  
In him these various qualities united;  
And find, as we this cheerful day have done,  
The Gentleman and Clergyman in one.

*I hope it never will  
be otherwise*  
*My sister-in-law: to observe, Drink & play with  
myself. I wish you  
please but don't do  
the Gentleman*

\* A reverend and worthy baronet.

# HEROICK LOVE:

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANCHAS.

IN THE BROWN MOUNTAIN,

(When the squire returned from his embassy to Lady Dulcinea.)

---

WELL, Sancho, I confess indeed,  
Like a good squire thou'st made good speed: \*  
Come! sooth my anxious bosom's void,  
And tell me how my love's employ'd.  
Is she intent on stringing pearls  
To decorate her auburn curls,  
Or making up her Brussels lace  
To shade the beauties of her face?  
Was she amidst the myrtle grove  
Weaving the story of our love;  
Or, on a mossy bank reclin'd,  
Soothing with books her pensive mind;

---

\* The joke was, instead of going three days journey to Toboso the squire returned with the curate and barber.

The rose and violet round her blooming,  
With fragrant scents the air perfuming?

No, no: I saw no pearls or roses,  
Or such fine things as you *supposes*:  
I found your sweetheart winnowing wheat,  
All cover'd o'er with dust and sweat;  
And, when I told her you were dying  
For love of her, instead of crying,  
The saucy slut began to titter:  
But when I gave her your kind letter,  
She laid it down upon the sack,  
And said, I'd better take it back:  
"For faith and troth!" the poor wench said,  
"I never learn'd to write or read;  
"But if he longs to kiss my toe so,  
"Let 'en come and do it at Toboso."

So, please your worship, my good master,  
For fear of some more dire disaster;  
Let us no longer through those highlands,  
In quest of governments or islands,  
Or killing giants, idly roam,  
But mount our steeds—and travel home.

---

## CHARACTER,

IN THE MANNER OF *CHAUCER*.

**A** Wight there was, scarce known I ween to fame,  
Who day by day to Bathe's fam'd city came:  
Meagre, and very rueful were his looks,  
He seem'd as he had fed on naught but books.  
His old great coat, "which he could ne'er forsake,  
"Hung half before and half behind his back."  
Full threescore springs had blossom'd o'er his head,  
Yet nimble as a roebuck was his tread:  
For, \*in his youth he ne'er did heat his blood  
With liquors hot, or high and luscious food.  
Therefore his age like frosty winter past,  
Hoary, but hale; and healthy to the last.  
"What! walk to Bath, fir?" cries some gouty man,  
"No, fir, quoth he, I did not *walk*—I *ran*."

\* Shakespeare.



He stroll'd about, and travers'd many a street:  
 Eftsoons some friend or dainty nymph wou'd greet:  
 With scornful looks, by empty fops survey'd  
 By scornful looks or sneers, he undismay'd  
 On matters deep or mus'd or seem'd to muse,  
 Then made an halt, then read or heard the news;  
 Bought some old book or print perchance, and then,  
*Small business* done, he travell'd home again.

- Such is the life of man, with busy face,  
 On trifles bent, he strolls from place to place;  
 With various scenes of happiness amus'd,  
 By turns applauded—and by turns abus'd.  
 To sorrow's school sent weeping from the womb,  
 Spends his short span—then hastens to the tomb:  
 Life's but a morning's lounge, unless confin'd  
 To duty's path, and useful to mankind.



---

ON THE  
APPROACH OF WINTER.

---

ALAS! with what unwearied speed  
Revolves the circling year!  
Seasons to seasons still succeed—  
Appear and disappear.

The Spring, on balmy zephyrs borne,  
With roses blooming round;  
The Summer deck'd with ears of corn,  
With fruits the Autumn crown'd;

Again are fled—and o'er the dawn  
Now murky fogs arise:  
The sun but faintly gilds the lawn,  
Then hastens down the skies.

The groves their leafy honours shed,  
No more their warblers sing:  
Each insect seeks his wintry bed,  
To wait returning spring.

The plaintive Swallow now prepares  
 To seek some milder shore;  
 A gloomy face all nature wears,  
 And pleasure is no more.

Thus fly the cheerful days of man,  
 Dull cares his thoughts engage:  
 Each hour contracts his little span,  
 And hurries on Old Age.

Wrinkles his brow, grey hairs his head,  
 Sharp pains his limbs invade:  
 His spirits flag, his mirth is fled,  
 And all his prospects fade.

From crowds, on airy projects bent,  
 Let me in time retire;  
 And, with domestick scenes content,  
 Enjoy my winter's fire.

No more from flower to flower I'll range,  
 But wait in calm repose;  
 A torpid insect, till my change  
 Some happier state disclose.

While thus the seasons restless roll,  
 And naught is constant here,  
 To endless bliss Hope wafts the soul  
 Beyond the starry sphere.

---

MARTIAL

LIB. I. EP. 10.

---

AD LIBRUM.

Argiletanas mavis habitare tabernas;  
Cum tibi, parve liber, scrinia nostra vacent, &c.

IMITATED.

---

TO HIS BOOK.

---

SAFE in my desk, you wish, it seems, to go  
To fam'd Pall-Mall—or Pater-noster-Row,  
And mount a shelf beneath the splendid works,  
Which eternize our Sidneys, Lockes, and—Burkes.  
Alas! you know not the fastidious looks,  
With which bold Britons\* now peruse new books.  
Ah! never sure were criticks more severe:  
Even school-boys crisp the nose† and learn to sneer.

---

\* Martia turba.      † Nasum rhinocerotis.

Tho' friends applaud, you'll meet an harsher doom,  
 Hurl'd by th' indignant reader cros the room:  
 Yet, lest your sportive strains, thus scribbled o'er,  
 My desp'rate quill should blot still more and more;  
 Through the wide world you wantonly wou'd roam—  
 Well, go then,\* but—you're safer much at home.

---

‡ I fuge, sed poteras tutior esse domo.

---

